THE TRAGEDY OF THIERRY KING OF *France, and his Brother* Theodoret.

84 b 1

As it was diuerſe times acted at the Blacke-*Friers by the Kings Maieſties* Seruants.

LONDON,
Printed for *Thomas Walkley*, and are to bee ſold at his ſhop in *Britaines Burſe*, at the ſigne of the Eagle and Child.
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THE TRAGEDIE OF THIERRIE AND THEODORET.

Act. 1. Scæ. 1.

Enter *Theodoret, Brunhalt, Bawdbert.*

BRVNHALT.

TAxe me with these hot tainters?

Theodoret. You are too sudaine;
I doe but gently tell you what becomes you,
And what may bend your honor! how these courses
Of loose and lazie pleasures; not suspected
But done and knowne, your minde that grants no limit
And all your Actions followes, which loose people
That see but through a mist of circumstance
Dare tearme ambitious; all your wayes hide sores
Opening in the end to nothing but vlcers.
Your instruments like these may call the world
And with a fearefull clamour, to examine
Why, and to what wee gouerne. From example
If not for vertues sake yet may be honest:
There haue beene great ones, good ones, and 'tis necessary
Because you are your selfe, and by your selfe

A ſelfe-peece from the touch of power and Iuſtice,
You ſhould commaund your ſelfe, you may imagine
Which cozens all the world, but chiefly women.
The name of greatneſſe glorifies your actions
And ſtrong power like a pent-houſe, promiſes
To ſhade you from opinion; take heede mother,
And let vs all take heede, theſe moſt abuſe vs
The ſinnes we doe, people behold through opticks,
Which ſhewes vm ten times more then common vices,
And often multiplyes vm; then what iuſtice
Dare we inflict vpon the weake offenders
When we are theeues our ſelues?

Brun. This is, *Martell*,
Studied and pend vnto you, whoſe baſe perſon
I charge you by the loue you owe a mother
And as you hope for bleſsings from her prayers,
Neither to giue beliefe to, nor allowance.
Next I tell you Sir, you from whom obedience
Is ſo farre fled, that you dare taxe a mother;
Nay further, brand her honour with your ſlanders,
And breake into the treaſures of her credit,
Your eaſineſſe is abuſed, your faith fraited
With lyes, malitious lyes, your merchant miſchiefe,
He that neuer knew more trade then Tales, and tumbling
Suſpitious into honeſt harts; what you or hee,
Or all the world dare lay vpon my worth,
This for your poore opinions: I am ſhee,
And ſo will beare my ſelfe, whoſe truth and whiteneſſe
Shall euer ſtand as far from theſe detections
As you from dutie; get you better ſeruants,
People of honeſt actions without ends,
And whip theſe knaues away, they eate your fauours,
And turne em vnto poyſons: my knowne credite
Whom all the Courts a this ſide *Nile* haue enuied,
And happy ſhee could bite mee, brought in queſtion
Now in my houres of age and reuerence,

VVhen rather ſuperſtition ſhould be rendered,
And by a Ruſh that one dayes warmth
Hath ſhot vp to this ſwelling; giue me iuſtice,
VVhich is his life.

Theod. This is an impudence,
And he muſt tell you, that till now mother
Brought yee a ſonnes obedience, and now breakes it
Aboue the ſufferance of a ſonne.

Bawd. Bleſſe vs!
For I doe now begin to feele my ſelfe
Turning into a halter, and the ladder
Turning from me, one pulling at my legs too.

Theod. Theſe trueths are no mans tales, but all mens troubles,
They are, though your ſtrange greatneſſe would out ſtare v'm:
VVitneſſe the daily Libels, almoſt Ballads
In euery place, almoſt in euery Prouince,
Are made vpon your luſt, Tauerne diſcourſes,
Crowds cram'd with whiſperes; Nay, the holy Temples
Are not without your curſes: Now you would bluſh,
But your blacke tainted blood dare not appeare
For feare I ſhould fright that too.

Brun. O yee gods!

Theod. Doe not abuſe their names: they ſee your actions,
And your conceald ſinnes, though you worke like Moles,
Lyes leuell to their iuſtice.

Brun. Art thou a ſonne?

Theod. The more my ſhame is of ſo bad a mother,
And more your wretchednеſſe you let me bee ſo;
But woman, for a mothers name hath left me
Since you haue left your honour; mend theſe ruines,
And build againe that broken fame, and fairely;
Your moſt intemperate fiers haue burnt, and quickly
VVithin theſe ten dayes take a Monaſterie,
A moſt ſtrickt houſe, a houſe where none may whiſper,
VVhere no more light is knowne but what may make yee
Beleeue there is a day where no hope dwels,
Nor comfort but in teares *Brun.* O miſerie!

Theod. And there to cold repentance, and ſtarud penance
Tye your ſucceeding dayes; or curſe me heauen
If all your guilded knaues, brokers, and bedders,
Euen he you built from nothing, ſtrong *Portalyde*,
Be not made ambling Geldings; all your maydes,
If that name doe not ſhame vm, fed with ſpunges
To ſucke away their ranckneſſe, and your ſelfe
Onely to emptie Pictures and dead Arras
Offer your olde deſires.

Brun. I will not curſe you,
Nor lay a propheſie vpon your pride,
Though heauen might grant me both: vnthankefull, no,
I nouriſhd yee, twas I, poore I groand for you,
Twas I felt what you ſufferd, I lamented
When ſickneſſe or ſad houres held back your ſweetnes;
Twas I payd for your ſleepes, I watch your wakings:
My dayly cares and feares, that rid, plaid, walkt,
Diſcourſd, diſcouerd, fed and faſhiond you
To what you are, and am I thus rewarded?

Theod. But that I know theſe teares I could dote on em,
And kneele to catch vm as they fall, then knit vm
Into an Armlet, euer to be honourd;
But woman, they are dangerous drops, deceitfull,
Full of the weeper, anger, and ill nature.

Brun. In my laſt houres deſpiſd.

Theod. That Text ſhould tell,
How vgly it becomes you to erre thus;
Your flames are ſpent, nothing but ſmoake maintaines yee;
And thoſe your fauour and your bounty ſuffers
Lye not with you, they doe but lay luſt on you,
And then imbrace you as they caught a palſie;
Your power they may loue, and like ſpaniſh Iennetts
Commit with ſuch a guſt.

Bawd. I would take whipping,
And pay a Fine now. *Exit Bawdber.*

Theod. But were yee once diſgraced,

Or fallen in wealth, like leaues they would flie from you,
And become browſe for euery beaſt; you will'd me
To ſtocke my ſelfe with better friends, and ſeruants;
With what face dare you ſee mee, or any mankind,
That keepe a race of ſuch vnheard of relicks,
Bawds, Leachers, Letchecs, femall fornications,
And children in their rudiments to vices,
Old men to ſhew examples: and left Art
Should looſe her ſelfe in act, to call backe cuſtome,
Leaue theſe, and liue like *Niobe*. I told you how
And when your eyes haue dropt away remembrance
Of what you were. I am your ſonne! performe it.

Brun. Am I a woman, and no more power in me,
To tie this Tyger vp, a ſoule to no end,
Haue I got ſhame and loſt my will; *Brunhalt*
From this accurſed houre, forget thou bor'ſt him,
Or any part of thy blood gaue him liuing,
Let him be to thee, an Antipathy,
A thing thy nature ſweates at, and turnes backward:
Throw all the miſchiefes on him that thy ſelfe
Or women worſe then thou art, haue inuented,
And kill him drunke, or doubtfull.

Enter Bawdber, Protaldye, Lecure.

Baw. Such a ſweate;
I neuer was in yet, clipt of my minſtrells,
My toyes to pricke vp wenches withall; vphold me,
It runnes like ſnowballs through me.

Brun. Now my varlets,
My ſlaues, my running thoughts, my executions.

Baw. Lord how ſhee lookes!

Brun. Hell take yee all.

Baw. Wee ſhall bee gelt.

Brun. Your Miſtreſſe,
Your old and honord Miſtreſſe; you tyr'd curtalls
Suffers for your baſe ſinnes; I muſt be cloyſter'd,
Mew'd vp to make me vertuous, who can helpe this,
Now you ſtand ſtill like Statues; come *Protaldye*,

One kisse before I perish, kisse me strongly,
Another, and a third.
Lecure. I feare not gelding
As long as she holds this way.
Brun. The young courser,
That vnlickt lumpe of mine, will win thy Mistris.
Must I be chast *Protaldye*?
Prot. Thus and thus Lady:
Brun. It shall be so, let him seeke fooles for Vestalls,
Here is my cloister.
Lecure. But what safety Madam
Finde you in staying here?
Brun. Thou hast hit my meaning,
I will to *Thierry* sonne of my blessings,
And there complaine me, tell my tale so subtilly
That the cold stones shall sweat, and statues mourne,
And thou shalt weepe *Protalde* in my wimple,
And there forsweare.
Bawd. Yes, any thing but gelding,
I am not yet in quiet Noble Lady,
Let it be done to night, for without doubt
To morrow we are capons.
Brun. Sleepe shall not seaze me,
Nor any foode befriend me but thy kisses.
E're I forsake this desart, I liue honest?
He may as well bid dead men walke, I humbled
Or bent below my power? let night dogs teare me,
And goblines ride me in my sleepe to Jelly,
Ere I forsake my spheare.
Lecure. This place you will.
Brun. What's that to you, or any, (glister?
Yee dosse, you powdered pigsbones, rubarbe
Must you know my designes, a colledge on you,
The prouerbe makes but fooles:
Prota. But Noble Lady.
Brun. You a sawsie asse too, off I will not,
If you but anger me, tell a sowgelder

Haue cut you all like colts, hold me and kisse me,
For I am too much troubled make vp my treasure,
And get me horses priuate, come about it. *Exeunt.*

Act. 1. Scæ. 2.

Enter Theodoret, Martell, &c.

Theod. Thought I assure my selfe (*Martell*) your counsell
Had no end but alleagance and my honour:
Yet I am Iealous, I haue past the bounds
Of a sonnes duty, for suppose her worse
Then you report, not by bare circumstance
But euident proofe confirmd ha's giuen her out:
Yet since all weaknesses in a kingdome, are
No more to be seuerely punished, then
The faults of Kings are by the Thunderer
As oft as they offend, to be reueng'd;
If not for piety, yet for policy,
Since some are of necessity to be spar'd,
I might, and now I with I had not look'd
With such strict eyes into her follies.

Mart. Sir, a duety well discharg'd is neuer follow'd
By sad repentance, nor did your Highnesse euer
Make payment of the debt you ow'd her, better
Then in your late reproofes not of her, but
Those crimes that made her worthy of reproofe.
The most remarkeable point in which kings differ
From priuate men, is, that they not alone
Stand bound to be in themselues innocent,
But that all such as are addde to them
In neerenesse, or dependance, by their care
Should be free from suspition of all crime;
And you haue reap'd a double benefit
From this last great act: first in the restraint
Of her lost pleasures, you remoue th'example
From others of the like licentiousnesse,

Then when 'tis knowne that your seueritie
Extended to your mother, who dares hope for
The least Indulgence or conniuence in
The easiest slips that may proue dangerous
To you or to the kingdome?

Theod. I must grant
Your reasons good (*Martell*) if as she is
My Mother, she had bene my subiect, or
That only here she could make challenge to
A place of beeing; but I know her temper
And feare (if such a word become a king,)
That in discouering her, I haue let loose
A Tigres, whose rage being shut vp in darkenesse,
Was grieuous only to her selfe; which brought
Into the view of light, her cruelty
Prouok'd by her owne shame, will turne on him
That foolishly presum'd to let her see
The loth'd shape of her owne deformity.

Mart. Beasts of that nature when rebellious threats
Begin to appeare only in their eies,
Or any motion that may giue suspition
Of the least violence, should be chaind vp;
Their fanges and teeth, and all their meanes of hurt,
Pard of, and knock'd out, and so made vnable
To do ill; they would soone begin to loath it.
I'le apply nothing, but had you grace done,
Or would do yet, what your lesse forward zeale
In words did only threaten, far lesse danger
Would grow from acting it on her, then may
Perhaps haue being from her apprehension
Of what may once be practis'd: for beleeue it,
Who confident of his owne power, presumes
To spend threates on an enimy, that hath meanes
To shun the worst they can effect, giues armor
To keepe off his owne strength; nay more, disarmes
himselfe, and lies vngarded gainst all harmes
Or doubt, or malice may produce.

Theod. 'Tis true,
And such a desperate cure I would haue vs'd,
If the intemperate patient had not bene
So neere me as a mother; but to her,
And from me gentle vnguents only were
To be appli'd: and as phisitians
When they are sicke of feuers, eate themselues
Such viands as by their directions are
Forbid to others, though alike diseas'd,
So she considering what she is, may challenge
Those cordialls to restore her, by her birth,
And priuiledge, which at no suite must be
Granted to others.

Mart. May your pious care
Effect but what it aimde at, I am silent.

Enter Demitry.

Theod. What laught you at Sir?

Vitry. I haue some occasion,
I should not else; and the same cause perhaps
That makes me do so, may beget in you
A contrary effect.

Theod. Why, what's the matter?

Vitry. I see and ioy to see that sometimes poore men,
(And most of such are good) stand more indebted
For meanes to breathe to such as are held vitious,
Then those that weare like Hypocrites on their foreheads,
Th'ambitious titles of iust men and vertuous.

Mart. Speake to the purpose.

Vitry. Who would e're haue thought
The good old Queene, your Highnesse reuerend mother,
Into whose house (which was an Academ,)
In which all principles of lust were practis'd,
No souldier might presume to set his foote;
At whose most blessed intercession
All offices in the state, were charitably
Confer'd on panders, o're-worne chamber wrastlers,
And such phisitions as knew how to kill,

With safety vnder the pretence of saying,
And such like children of a monstrous peace,
That she I say should at the length prouide
That men of warre and honest younger brothers,
That wold not owe their feeding to their cod-peece,
Should be esteem'd of more then mothers, or drones,
Or idle vagabonds.

Theod. I am glad to heare it,
Prethee what course takes she to do this? (traine

Vitry. One that cannot faile, she and vertuous
With her Iewells and all that was worthy the carrying,
The last night left the court; and as 'tis more
Then sayd, for 'tis confirm'd by such as met her,
She's fled vnto your brother. *Theod.* How?

Vitry. Nay storme not,
For if that wicked tonge of hers hath not
Forgot its pace, and *Thierry* be a Prince,
Of such a fiery temper, as report
Has giuen him out for; you shall haue cause to vse
Such poore men as my selfe; and thanke vs too
For comming to you, and without petitions;
Pray heauen reward the good old woman for't.

Mart. I foresaw this.

Theod. I heare a tempest comming,
That sings mine and my kingdomes ruine; haste,
And cause a troope of horse to fetch her backe:
Yet stay, why should I vse meanes to bring in
A plague that of her selfe hath left me? Muster
Our souldiers vp, we'le stand vpon our gard,
For we shall be attempted; yet forbeare
The inequality of our powers will yeeld me
Nothing but losse in their defeature: something
Must be done, and done suddainely, saue your labor,
In this i'le vse no counsell but mine owne,
That course though dangerous is best. Command
Our daughter be in readinesse, to attend vs;
Martell, your company, and honest *Vitry*,

Thou wilt along with me.
Vitry. Yes any where,
To be worse then I am here, is past my feare. *Exeunt.*

Act. 2. Scœ. 1.

Enter Thierry, Brunhalt, Bawdber, Lecure. &c.

Thier. You are here in a sanctuary; and that viper
(Who since he hath forgot to be a sonne,
I much disdaine to thinke of as a brother)
Had better in despight of all the gods,
To haue razed their Temples; and spurn'd downe their alcars,
Then in his impious abuse of you,
To haue called on my iust anger.
Brun. Princely sonne;
And in this worthy of a neere name,
I haue in the relation of my wrongs
Bene modest, and no word my tonge deliuered
T'expresse my insupportable iniuries,
But gaue my hart a wound: nor has my griefe
Being from what I suffer; but that he
Degenerate as he is, should be the actor
Of my extreames; and force me to deuide
The fires of brotherly affection,
Which should make but one flame.
Thier. That part of his
As it deserues shall burne no more, if or
The teares of Orphans, widdows, or all such
As dare acknowledge him to be their Lord, (powre
Ioyned to your wrongs, with his hart blood haue
To put it out: and you, and these your seruants,
Who in our fauours shall finde cause to know
In that they left not you, how deere we hold them;
Shall giue *Theodoret* to vnderstand,
His ignorance of the prizelesse Iewell, which

He did poſſeſſe in you, mother in you,
Of which I am more proud to bee the doner,
Then if the abſolute rule of all the world (come,
Were offer'd to this hand; once more you are well-
Which with all ceremonie due to greatneſſe
I would make knowne, but that our iuſt reuenge
Admitts not of delay; your hand Lord Generall.

Enter Protaldie, with ſouldiers.

Brun. Your fauour and his merrit I may ſay
Haue made him ſuch, but I am iealious how
Your ſubiects will receiue it.

Thier. How, my ſubiects?
What do you make of me? Oh heauen! my ſubiects!
How baſe ſhould I eſteeme the name of Prince,
If that poore duſt, were any thing before
The whirlewind of my abſolute command?
Let them be happy, and reſt ſo contented:
They pay the tribute of their harts and knees,
To ſuch a Prince that not alone h'as power,
To keepe his owne but to increaſe it; that
Although he hath a body may adde to
The fam'd night labour of ſtrong *Hercules*:
Yet is the maiſter of a continence
That ſo can temper it, that I forebeare
Their daughters, and their wiues, whoſe hands though ſtrong,
As yet haue neuer drawne by vniuſt meane
Their proper wealth into my treaſury.
But I grow glorious, and let them beware
That in their leaſt repining at my pleaſures,
They change not a mild Prince, (for if prouck'd
I dare and will be ſo) into a Tyrant.

Brun. You ſee there's hope that we ſhall rule againe,
And your falne fortunes riſe.

Bawdb. I hope your Highneſſe
Is pleaſ'd that I ſhall ſtill hold my place with you,
For I haue bene ſo long vſ'd to prouide you
Freſh bits of fleſh ſince mine grew ſtale, that ſurely

If cashir'd now, I shall proue a bad Cator
In the Fishmarket of cold chastity,
Lecure. For me I am your owne, nor since I first
Knew what it was to serue you, haue remembred
I had a soule, but such a one whose essence
Depended wholy on your Highnesse pleasure,
And therefore Madam—
Brun. Rest assur'd you are,
Such instruments we must not lose.
Lecure. Bawdb. Our seruice.
Thier. You haue view'd them then, what's your opinion of em?
In this dull time of peace, we haue prepar'd em
Apt for the war. Ha?
Prota. Sir, they haue limbes
That promise strength sufficient, and rich armors
The souldiers best lou'd wealth: more, it appeares
They haue beene drill'd, nay very prettily drill'd,
For many of them can discharge their muskets
Without the danger of throwing off their heads,
Or being offensiue to the standers by,
By sweating too much backwards; nay I find
They know the right, and left hand file, and may
With some impulsion no doubt be brought
To passe the *A, B, C*, of war, and come
Vnto the Horne-booke.
Thier. Well, that care is yours;
And see that you effect it.
Prota. I am slow
To promise much; but if within ten dayes;
By precepts and examples, not drawne from
Worme eaten presidents of the *Roman* wars,
But from mine owne, I make them not transcend
All that e're yet bore armes, let it be sayd,
Protaldye bragges, which would be vnto me
As hatefull as to be esteemde a coward:
For Sir, few Captaines know the way to win him,
And make the souldiers valiant. You shall seeme

Lie with them in their trenches, talke, and drinke,
And be together drunke; and what seemes stranger,
We'ele sometimes wench together, which once practisde
And with some other care and hidden acts,
They being all made mine, i'le breathe into them
Such feareless resolution and such feruor,
That though I brought them to beseege a fort,
Whose walls were steeple high, and cannon proofe,
Not to be vndermind, they should fly vp,
Like swallowes, and the parapet once wonne;
For proofe of their obedience, if I willed them
They should leape downe againe; and what is more,
By some directions they should haue from me,
Not breake their neckes. *Thi.* This is aboue beleefe.

Brun. Sir, on my knowledge though hee hath spoke much,
He's able to do more.

Lecure. She meanes on her.

Brun. And howsoeuer in his thankefulnesse,
For some few fauors done him by my selfe,
He left *Austrachia*, not *Theoderet*,
Though hee was chiefely aimde at, could haue layd
With all his Dukedomes power, that shame vpon him,
VVhich in his barbarous malice to my honor,
He swore with threats to effect.

Thier. I cannot but
Beleeue you Madam, thou art one degree
Growne neerer to my hart, and I am proud
To haue in thee so glorious a plant
Transported hither; in thy conduct, we
Go on assurde of conquest, our remoue
Shall be with the next sunne.

Enter Theoderet, Memberge, Martell, Deuitry.

Lecure. Amazement leaue me, tis hee.

Bawdb. VVe are againe vndone.

Prot. Our guilt hath no assurance nor defence.

Bawdb. If now your euer ready wit faile to protect vs,
VVe shall be all discouerde.

Brun. Be not so

In your amazement and your fooliſh feares,
I am prepared for't.
Theod. How? Not one poore welcome,
In anſwere of ſo long a iorney made
Only to ſee your brother.
Thier. I haue ſtood
Silent thus long, and am yet vnreſolude
VVhether to entertaine thee on my ſword,
As fits a parricide of a mothers honor;
Or whether being a Prince, I yet ſtand bound
(Though thou art here condemnde) to giue thee hearing
Before I execute. VVhat fooliſh hope,
(Nay pray you forbeare) or deſperate madneſſe rather,
(Vnleſſe thou comeſt aſſurde, I ſtand in debt
As far to all impiety as thy ſelfe)
Has made thee bring thy necke vnto the axe?
Since looking only here, it cannot but
Draw freſh blood from thy ſearde vp conſcience,
To make thee ſenſible of that horror, which
They euer beare about them, that like *Nero*,
Like ſayd I? thou are worſe: ſince thou dareſt ſtriue
In her defame to murther thine aliue.
Theod. That ſhe that long ſince had the boldnes to
Be a bad woman, (though I wiſh ſome other
Should ſo report her) could not want the cunning,
(Since they go hand in hand) to lay faire colours
On her blacke crimes, I was reſolude before,
Nor make I doubt but that ſhee hath impoyſonde
Your good opinion of me, and ſo far
Incenſde your rage againſt me, that too late
I come to plead my innocence.
Brun. To excuſe thy impious ſcandalls rather.
Prot. Rather forc'd with feare to be compelde to come.
Thierry Forbeare.
Theod. This moues not mee, and yet had I not beene
Tranſported on my owne integrity,
I neither am ſo odious to my ſubiects,

Nor yet ſo barren of defence, but that
By force I could haue iuſtified my guilt,
Had I bene faulty: but ſince innocence
Is to it ſelfe an hundred thouſand gardes,
And that there is no ſonne, but though he owe
That name to an ill mother, but ſtands bound
Rather to take away with his owne danger
From the number of her faults, then for his owne
Security, to adde vnto them. This,
This hath made me to preuent th'expence
Of bloud on both ſides, the iniuries, the rapes,
(Pages, that euer waite vpon the war:)
The accompt of all which, ſince you are the cauſe,
Beleeue it, would haue bene required from you;
Rather I ſay to offer vp my daughter,
Who liuing only could reuenge my death,
With my hart blood a ſacrifice to your anger,
Then that you ſhold draw on your head more curſes
Then yet you haue deſerued.

Thier. I do begin
To feele an alteration in my nature,
And in his full ſailde confidence, a ſhowre
Of gentle raine, that falling on the fire
Of my hot rage hath quenched it, ha! I would
Once more ſpeake roughly to him, and I will;
Yet there is ſomething whiſpers to me, that
I haue ſayd too much. How is my heart deuided
Betweene the duty of a ſonne, and loue
Due to a brother! yet I am ſwayed heere,
And muſt aske of you, how tis poſſible
You can affect me that haue learned to hate,
Where you ſhould pay all loue?

Theod. Which ioynde with duty,
Vpon my knees I ſhould be proud to tender,
Had ſhe not vſ'd her ſelfe ſo many ſwords
To cut thoſe bonds that tide me to it.

Thier. Fie, no more of that.

Theod. Alas it is a theame,
I take no pleasure to discourse of,would
It could asloone be buried to the world,
As it should die to me:nay more,I wish
(Next to my part of heauen)that shee would spend
The last part of her life so here,that all
Indifferent Iudges might condemne me,for
A most malicious slanderer:nay to'nde it
Vpon my forehead,if you hate me mother,
Put me to such a shame,pray you do,beleeue it
There is no glory that may fall vpon me,
Can equall the delight I should receiue
In that disgrace;prouided the repeale
Of your long banished vertues,and good name,
Vsher'd me to it.

Thier. See,she shewes her selfe,
An easie mother,which her teares confirme.

Theod. Tis a good figure,the comfortablest raine
I euer saw.

Thier. Embrace:why this is well,
May neuer more but loue in you,and duty
On your part rise betweene you.

Bawdb. Do you heard Lord Generall,
Does not your new stampde honor on the suddaine
Begin to grow sicke?

Prota. Yes I finde it fit,
That putting off my armor,I should thinke of
Some honest hospitall to retire to.

Bawdb. Sure although I am a bawd,yet being
They cannot whip me for't,what's your opinion?

Leewe. The beadle will resolue you,for I cannot,
There is something,that more neere concernes my selfe,
That calls vpon me.

Mart. Note but yonder scarabes,
That liude vpon the dunge of her base pleasures,
How from the feare that she may yet proue honest,
Hang downe their wicked heads.

Vitry. What is that to me?
Though they and all the polecats of the Court,
Were trustde together, I perceiue not how
It can aduantage me a cardeknie,
To helpe to keepe me honest. *Aside.*

Enter a Post.

Thier. How, from whence?
Post. These letters will resolue your grace.
Thier. What speake they? *Reades.*
How all things meete to make me this day happy?
See mother, brother, to your reconcilement
Another blessing almost equall to it,
Is comming towards me; my contracted wife,
Ordella daughter of wise *Duteriske*.
The King of *Aragon* is on our confines;
Then to arriue at such a time, when you
Are happily heere to honor with your presence,
Our long deferde, but much wished vp rall,
Falls out aboue expression; heauen be pleasde
That I may vse these blessing powrde on me
With moderation.
Brun. Hell and furies ayde me,
That I may haue power to auert the plagues
That presse vpon me.
Thier. Two dayes iourny sayest thou,
We will set forth to meete her, in the meane time
See all things be preparde to entertaine her;
Nay let me haue your companies, there's a Forrest
In the midway shall yeeld vs hunting sport,
To ease our trauaile, ile not haue a brow
But shall weare mirth vpon it, therefore cleere them,
We'ele wash away all sorrow in glad feasts,
And the war we meane to men, we'ele make on beasts. *Exeunt*
Brun. Oh that I had the Magicke to transform you *omnes, praeter*
Into the shape of such, that your owne hounds *Brun. Bawd-*
Might teare you peece-meale; are you so stupid? *ber, Portaly,*
No word of comfort? Haue I fed you mothers *Lecure.*

From

From my exceſſe of moyſture, with ſuch coſt,
And can you yeeld no other retribution,
But to deuoure your maker, pandar, ſponge,
Impoyſner, all growne barren?

Prota. You your ſelfe
That are our mouer, and for whom alone
We liue, haue failde your ſelfe in giuing way
To the reconcilement of your ſonnes.

Lecure. Which if
You had preuented, or would teach vs how
They might againe be ſeuerde, we could eaſily
Remoue all other hindrances, that ſtop
The paſſage of your pleaſures.

Bawdb. And for me,
If I faile in my office to prouide you
Freſh delicates, hang me.

Brun. Oh you are dull, and finde not
The cauſe of my vexation; their reconcilement
Is a mocke-caſtle built vpon the ſand
By children, which when I am pleaſde to o'rethrow,
I can with eaſe ſpurne downe.

Lecure. If ſo, from whence
Growes your affliction?

Brun. My griefe comes along
With the new Queene, in whoſe grace all my powre
Muſt ſuffer ſhipwracke: for me now,
That hitherto haue kept the firſt, to know
A ſecond place, or yeeld the leaſt precedence
To any others, death; to haue my ſleepes
Leſſe inquirde after, or my riſing vp
Saluted with leſſe reuerence, or my gates
Empty of ſuitors; or the Kings great fauours
To paſſe through any hand but mine, or hee
Himſelfe to be directed by another,
Would be to me: do you vnderſtand me, yet
No meanes to preuent this.

Prota. Fame giues her out

To be a woman of a chastity
Not to be wrought vpon, and therefore Madam
For me, though I haue pleasde you, to attempt her
VVere to no purpose.

Brun. Tush, some other way.

Bawdb. Faith I know none else, all my bringing vp
Aimde at no other learning.

Lecure. Giue me leaue,
If my art faile me not, I haue thought on
A speeding proiect.

Brun. VVhat if but effect it,
And thou shalt be my *Æsculapius*,
Thy image shall be set vp in pure gold,
To which i'le fall downe and worship it.

Lecure. The Lady is faire.

Brun. Exceeding faire.

Lecure. And young.

Brun. Some fifteene at the most.

Lecure. And loues the King with equall ardor.

Brun. More, she dotes on him.

Lecure. VVell then, what think you if I make a drinke
VVhich giuen vnto him on the bridall night,
Shall for fiue dayes so rob his faculties
Of all ability to pay that duty,
VVhich new made wiues expect, that she shall sweare
She is not matchde to a man.

Prota. 'T were rare.

Lecure. And then
If she haue any part of woman in her,
She'le or fly out, or at least giue occasion
Of such a breach which neuer can be made vp,
Since he that to all else did neuer faile
Of as much as could be performde by man,
Proues only ice to her.

Brun. 'Tis excellent.

Bawdb. The Physitian
Helps euer at a dead lift; a fine calling,
That can both raise, and take downe, out vpon thee.

Brun. For this one ſeruice I am euer thine,
Prepare it; ile giue it him my ſelfe, for you *Protalbye*,
By this kiſſe, and our promiſde ſport at night,
(do coniure you) to beare vp; not minding
The oppoſition of *Theodoret*,
Or any of his followers; what ſo ere
You are, yet appeare valiant, and make good
The opinion that is had of you: for my ſelfe
In the new Queenes remoue, being made ſecure,
Feare not, ile make the future building ſure. *Exeunt.*

Winde hornes.

Enter Theodoret, Thierry.

Theodoret. This Stag ſtood well, and cunningly.
Thierry. My horſe
I am ſure, has found it, for her ſides are
Blooded from flanke to ſhoulder, wheres the troope?

Enter Martell.

Theodoret. Paſt home-ward, weary and tirde as we are.
Now *Martell*, haue you remembred what we though of?
Mart. Yes Sir, I haue ſnigled him, and if there be
Any deſert in his blood, beſide the itche,
Or manly heate, but what decoctions
Leaches, and caſtiſes haue eramde into him,
Your Lordſhip ſhall know perfect.
Thier. What's that, may not I know too?
Theod. Yes Sir,
To that end, we caſt the proiect.
Thierry. What iſt?
Mart. A deſire Sir,
Vpon the gilded flag your graces fauour
Has ſtuck vp for a Generall, and to informe you,
For this houre hee ſhall paſſe the teſt, what valour,
Stayd iudgement, ſoule, or ſafe diſcretion
Your mothers wandring eyes, and your obedience
Haue flung vpon vs, to aſſure your knowledge,
He can bee, dare be, ſhall be, muſt be nothing,
Loade him with piles of honors; ſet him off

With all the cunning foyles that may deceiue vs:
But a poore, cold, vnspirited, vnmannerde,
Vnhoneſt, vnaffected, vndone, foole,
And moſt vnheard of coward, a meere lumpe
Made to loade beds withall, and like a nightmare
Ride Ladies, that forget to ſay their prayers,
One that dares only be diſeaſed, and in debt,
Whoſe body mewes more plaiſters euery month,
Then women do old faces.

Thier. No more, I know him,
I now repent my error, take your time
And try him home, euer thus far reſeru'd,
You tie your anger vp.

Mart. I loſt it elſe Sir. violence,

Thier. Bring me his ſword faire taken, without
For that will beſt declare him.

Theod. That's the thing.

Thier. And my beſt horſe is thine.

Mart. Your graces ſeruant. *Exit.*

Theod. You'le hunt no more Sir,

Thier. Not to day, the weather
Is growne too warme, beſides, the dogges are ſpent,
We'ele take a cooler morning, let's to horſe,
And hollow in the troope. *Exeunt. Wind hornes.*

Enter 2 Huntſmen.

1: I marry Twainer,
This woman giues indeed, theſe are the Angells
That are the keepers ſaints.

2. I like a woman
That handles the deeres dowſets with diſcretion,
And payes vs by proportion:

1: 'Tis no treaſon
To think this good old Lady has a ſtumpe yet
That may require a currall.

2. And the bells too,

Enter Protaldie.

She has loſt a friend of me elſe, but here's the clarke,
No more for feare ath bell ropes:

Protal-

Prota: How now Keepers,
Saw you the King?
1 Yes Sir, he's newly mounted,
And as we take it ridden home.
Pro: Farewell then. *Exit Keepers.*

Enter Martell.

My honord Lord, Fortune has made me happy
To meete with such a man of men to side me.
Protal: How Sir? I know ye not,
Nor what your fortune meanes.
Mart. Few words shall serue, I am betraide Sir,
Innocent and honest; malice, and violence
Are both against me, basely and fowly layd for;
For my life Sir, danger is now about mee,
Now in my throate Sir. *Protaldye*. Where Sir?
Mart: Nay I feare not,
And let it now powre downe in stormes vpon me,
I haue met a noble guard.
Prot. Your meaning Sir,
For I haue present businesse: *Mart*. O my Lord,
Your honour cannot leaue a gentleman
At least a faire designe of this braue nature,
To which your worth is wedded, your profession
Hatcht in, and made one peece, in such a perrill,
There are but six my Lord. *Prot*. What six?
Mart. Six villaines sworne, and in pay to kill mee.
Protaldye. Six? (you are present,
Mart. Alas Sir, what can sixe do, or six score now
Your name will blow em off, say they haue shot too,
Who dare present a peece? your valour's proofe Sir.
Prot: No, i'le assure you Sir, nor my discretion
Against a multitude; 'tis true I dare fight,
Enough, and well enough, and long enough:
But wisedome Sir, and weight of what is on me,
In which I am no more mine owne, nor yours Sir,
Nor as I take it, any single danger,
But what concernes my place, tells me directly,
Beside my person, my faire reputation,

If I thrust into crowds, and seeke occasions.
Suffers opinion, six? VVhy *Hercules*
Auoyded two man, yet not to giue example:
But only for your present dangers sake Sir,
Were there but foure Sir, I car'd not if I killd vm,
They will serue to set my sword.

Mart. There are but foure Sir,
I did mistake vm, but foure such as *Europe*
Excepting your great valour,

Prot. Well considerde,
I Will not medle with vm, foure in honor,
Are equall with fourescore, besides they are people
Only directed by their fury.

Mart. So much nobler shall be your way of Iustice.

Prot. That I find not.

Mart. You will not leaue me thus?

Prot. I would not leaue you; but looke you Sir,
Men of my place, and busines, must not
Be questioned thus.

Mart. You cannot passe Sir,
Now they haue seene me with you, without danger,
They are heere Sir, within hearing, take but two.

Prot. Let the Law take vm, take a tree Sir,
Ile take my horse, that you may keepe with safety:
If they haue brought no hand-sawes, within this houre
Ile send you rescue, and a toyle to take vm.

Mart. You shall not go so poorely, stay but one Sir.

Prot. I haue bene so hamperde with these rescues,
So hewde and torturde, that the truth is Sir,
I haue mainly vowde against vm, yet for your sake,
If as you say there be but one, ile stay,
And see faire play a both sides.

Mart. There is no
More Sir, and as I doubt a base one two.

Prot. Fie on him, go lug him out by the eares.

Mart. Yes:
This is he Sir, the basest in the kingdome.

Prot. Do you know me?
Mart. Yes for a generall foole,
A knaue, a coward, and vpstart stallion bawd,
Beast, barking puppy, that dares not bite.
Prot. The best man best knowes patience.
Mart. Yes,
This way Sir, now draw you sword, and right you,
Or render it to me, for one you shall do.
Prot. If wearing it may do you any honor,
I shall be glad to grace you, there it is Sir.
Mart. Now get you home, and tel your Lady Mu,
She has shot vp a sweete mushrump, quit your place too,
And say you are counselde well, thou wilt be beaten else
By thine owne lancepriſadoes; when they know thee,
That tunes of oyle of roses wil not cure thee;
Go get you to your foyning worke at Court,
And learne to sweate agen, and eate dry mutton;
An armor like a frost will search your bones,
And make you rore you rogue; not a reply,
For if you do your eares go off.
Prot. Still patience. *Exeunt.*

Loude Musicke, A Banquet ſet out.

Enter Trierry, Ordella, Brunhalt, Theodoret, Lecuna, Bawdtie, &c.

Thier. It is your place, and though in all things else
You may and euer shall command me, yet
In this ile be obeyde.
Ordella. Sir, the consent
That made me yours, shall neuer teach me to
Repent I am so, yet be you but pleasde
To giue me leaue to say so much; the honor
You offer me were better giuen to her,
To whom you owe the power of giuing.
Thier. Mother,
You heare this and reioyce in such a blessing
That payes to you so large a share of dury,
But fie no more, for as you hold a place
Neerer my heart then she, you must sit neerest

To all those graces, that are in the power
Of Maiesty to bestow.

Brun. Which i'le prouide,
Shall be short liude, *Lecure*,

Lecure. I haue it ready.

Brun. 'Tis well, waite on our cup.

Lecure. You honor me.

Thier. We are dull,
No obiect to prouoke mirth.

Theod. Martell,
If you remember Sir, will grace your feast
With something that will yeeld matter of mirth,
Fit for no common view.

Thier. Touching *Protaldye*.

Theod. You haue it.

Brun. What of him? I feare his baseneſſe *aside*.
In ſpight of all the titles that my fauors
Haue clothde him, which will make diſcouery
Of what is yet concealde.

Enter Martell.

Theod. Looke Sir, he has it,
Nay wee ſhall haue peace when ſo great a ſouldier
As the renoumde *Protaldye*, will giue vp
His ſword rather then vſe it.

Brun. 'Twas thy plot,
Which I will turne on thy owne head. *aside*.

Thier. Pray you ſpeake,
How wonne you him to part from't?

Mart. Wonne him Sir,
He would haue yeelded it vpon his knees
Before he would haue hazarded the exchange
Of a phillip of the forehead: had you willde me,
I durſt haue vndertooke he ſhould haue ſent you
His noſe, prouided that the loſſe of it
Might haue ſau'd the reſt of his face; he is Sir
The moſt vnutterable coward, that ere nature
Bleſt with hard ſhoulders, which were only giuen him,

To the ruine of baſtinades.
Thierry Poſſible.
Theod. Obſerue but how ſhe frets.
Mart. Why beleeue it:
But that I know the ſhame of this diſgrace,
Will make the beaſt to liue with ſuch, and neuer
Preſume to come more among men; i'le hazard
My life vpon it, that a boy of twelue
Should ſcourge him hither like a pariſh top,
And make him dance before you.
Brun. Slaue thou lieſt,
Thou dar'ſt aſwell ſpeake treaſon in the hearing
Of thoſe that haue the power to puniſh it,
As the leaſt ſillable of this before him,
But 'tis thy hate to me.
Martell. Nay, pray you Madam,
I haue no eares to beare you, though a foote
To let you vnderſtand what he is.
Brun. Villaine.
Theod. You are to violent.

Enter Protaldy.

The worſt that can come
Is blanketting; for beating, and ſuch vertues
I haue bene long acquainted with.
Mart. Oh ſtrange!
Bawdb. Behold the man yon talke of,
Brun. Giue me leaue,
Or free thy ſelfe (thinke in what place you are)
From the foule imputation that is layd
Vpon thy valour (be bold, i'le protect you)
Or heere I vow (deny it or forſweare it)
Theſe honors which thou weareſt vnworthily,
Which be but impudent enough and keepe them,
Shall be torne from thee with thy eyes.
Prot. I haue it;
My valour! is there any here beneath,
The ſtile of king, dares queſtion it?

Thier. This is rare.

Prot. Which of my actions, which haue ſtill
Has rendred me ſuſpected?

Thierry. Nay *Martell*,
You muſt not fall off.

Mart. Oh Sir, feare it not,
Do you know this ſword?

Prot. Yes.

Mart. Pray you on what termes
Did you part with it?

Prota. Part with it ſay you?

Mart. So.

Thier. Nay ſtudy not an anſwere, confeſſe freely,

Prota. Oh I remember now, at the ſtags fall,
As we to day were hunting, a poore fellow,
And now I view you better, I may ſay
Much of your pitch: this ſilly wretch I ſpoke of,
With his petition falling at my feete,
(Which much againſt my will he kiſde,) deſirde,
That as a ſpeciall meanes for his preferment,
I would vouchſafe to let him vſe my ſword,
To cut off the ſtags head.

Brun. Will you heare that?

Bandb. This lie beares a ſimilitude of truth,

Prota. I euer courteous, (a great weakenes in me)
Granted his humble ſuite,

Mart. Oh impudence!

Thier. This change is excellent.

Mart. A word with you,
Denie it not, I was that man diſguiſde,
You know my temper, and as you reſpect
A dayly cudgelling for one whole yeare,
Without a ſecond pulling by the eares,
Or tweakes by the noſe, or the moſt precious balme
You vſde of patience, patience do you marke me,
Confeſſe before theſe kings, with what baſe feare
Thou didſt deliuer it,

Prot. Oh! I shall burst,
And if I haue not instant liberty
To teare this fellow limbe by limbe, the wrong
Will breake my hart, although *Herculean*, (here
And somewhat bigger; there's my gage, pray you
Let me redeme my credit.
Thierry. Ha, ha, forbeare.
Mart. Pray you let me take it vp, and if I do not
Against all ods of armor and of weapons,
With this make him confesse it on his knees,
Cut off my head.
Prot. No, that is my office.
Bawdb. Fie, you take the hangmans place.
Ordella. Nay good my Lord
Let me attone this difference, do not suffer
Our bridall night to be the Centaures feast,
You are a Knight and bound by oath to grant
All iust suits vnto Ladies, for my sake
Forget your supposde wrong.
Prot. Well, let him thanke you,
For your sake he shall liue, perhaps a day,
And may be, on submission longer,
Theod. Nay, *Martell*, you must bee patient.
Mart. I am yours,
And this slaue shall be once more mine.
Thier. Sit all;
One health, and so to bed, for I too long
Deferre my choisest delicates.
Brun. Which if poyson
Haue any power, thou shalt like *Tantalus*
Behold and neuer taste; be carefull.
Lecure. Feare not.
Brun. Though it be rare in our sex, yet for once
I will begin a health.
Thier. Let it come freely.
Brun. *Lecure*, the cup; heere to the sonne we hope
This night shall be an Embrion.

Thier. You haue namde
A blessing that I most desirde, I pledge you,
Giue me a larger cup, that is too little
Vnto so great a god.
Brun. Nay, then you wrong me,
Follow as I began:
Thiery. Well as you please.
Brun. Ist done?
Lecure. Vnto your wish, I warrant you,
For this night I durst trust him with my mother.
Thier. So, 'tis gone round, lights.
Brun. Pray you vse my seruice. (Madam,
Ordella. 'Tis that which I shall euer owe you
And must haue none from you, pray you pardon me:
Thier. Good rest to all.
Theod. And to you pleasant labour:
Martell your company, Madam good night. *Exeunt all, but*
Brun. Nay you haue cause to blush, but I will hide it, *Brunhalt,*
And what's more I forgiue you; ist not pitty *Protal. Lecure,*
That thou that art the first to enter combat *Bawdber,*
With any woman, and what is more, orecome her,
(In which she is best pleasde,) should be so fearefull
To meete a man.
Prot. Why would you haue me lose
That blood that is dedicated to your seruice,
In any other quarrell?
Brun. No, reserue it
As I will study to preserue thy credit,
You sirha; be't your care to finde out one
That is poore though valiant, that at any rate
Will, to redeeme my seruants reputation,
Receaue a publike baffling.
Bawdb. Would your highnesse
Were pleas'd to informe me better of your purpose:
Brun. Why one Sir, that would thus be boxde,
Or kickde; do you apprehend me now?
Bawdb. I feele you Madam,

The man that shall receiue this from my Lord,
Shall haue a thousand crownes.
Frot. Hee shall. *Baudb.* besides
His day of bastinadoing past ore,
He shall not lose your grace, nor your good fauor.
Brun. That shall make way to it.
Baudb. It must be a man
Of credit in the Court, that is to be
The foyle vnto your valour.
Frot. True, it should. (worse.
Baudb. And if he haue place there, 'tis not the
Brun. 'Tis much the better.
Baudb. If he be a Lord,
'Twill be the greater grace.
Brun. Thou art in the right. (Lord,
Baudb. Why then behold that valiant man and
That for your sake will take a cudgelling,
For be assurde when it is spread abroad
That you haue dealt with me, the'le giue you out
For one of the nine Worthies.
Brun. Our you pandar,
Why to beate thee is only exercise
For such as do affect it, lose not time
In vaine replies, but do it: come my sollace,
Let vs to bed, and our desires once quenchde;
We'ele there determine of *Theodorets* death,
For he's the engin vsde to ruine vs:
Yet one worke more, *Lecure*, art thou assurde
The potion will worke?
Lecure. My life vpon it.
Brun. Come my *Protaldye*, then glut me with
Those best delights of man, that are denide
To her that does expect them, being a bride.

Act. 3. *Scæ* 1.

Enter Thierry, and Ordella, as from bed.

Thier. Sure I haue drunke the blood of Elephants,

The teares of mandrake and the marble dew,
Mixt in my draught, haue quencht my naturall heate,
And left no sparke of fire but in mine eyes,
With which I may behold my miseries:
Ye wretched flames which play vpon my sight,
Turne inward, make me all one peece, though earth;
My teares shall ouerwhelme you else too. (sadnes?
Ordella. What moues my Lord to this strange
If any late discerned want in me,
Giue cause to your repentance, care and duty
Shall finde a painefull way to recompence.
Thier. Are you yet frozen veines, feele you a breath,
Whose temperate heate would make the North star reele,
Her icie pillers thaw'd, and do you not melt?
Draw neerer, yet neerer,
That from thy barren kisse thou maist confesse
I haue not heate enough to make a blush.
Ordella. Speake nearer to my vnderstanding, like a husband:
Thier. How should he speake the language of a husband,
Who wants the tongue and organs of his voyce?
Ordella. It is a phrase will part with the same ease
From you with that you now deliuer.
Thier. Bind not his eares vp with so dull a charme,
Who hath no other sence left open; why should thy words
Find more restraint then thy free speaking actions,
Thy close embraces and thy mid-night sighes,
The silent orators to slow desire?
Ordella. Striue not to win content from ignorance
Which must be lost in knowledge: heauen can witnesse
My farthest hope of good reacht at your pleasure,
Which seeing alone may in your looke be read:
Adde not a doubtfull comment to a text
That in it selfe's direct and easie.
Thier. Oh thou hast drunk the iuice of hemlock too,
Or did vpbraided nature make this paire
To shew she had not quite forgot her first
Iustly praisde workmanship, the first chast couple

Before the want of ioy, taught guilty sight
A way through shame and sorrow to delight:
Say, may we mixe as in their innocence
When turtles kist, to confirme happinesse,
Not to beget it?

Ordella. I know no bar.

Thier. Should I beleeue thee, yet thy pulse beates woman;
And sayes the name of wife did promise thee
The blest reward of duty to thy mother,
Who gaue so often witnes of her ioy,
When she did boast thy likenes to her husband.

Ordella. 'Tis true, that to bring forth a second to your selfe,
Was only worthy of my Virgin losse;
And should I prize you lesse vnpatternde Sir,
Then being, exemplified, ist not more honor:
To be possessor of vnequalde vertue,
Then what is paralelde? giue me beleefe,
The name of mother knowes no way of good,
More then the end in me: who weds for lust
Is oft a widdow; when I married you,
I lost the name of maid to gaine a title
Aboue the wish of change, which that part can
Only maintaine, is still the same in man,
His vertue and his calme society,
Which no gray haires can threaten to dissolue,
Nor wrinkles bury.

Thier. Confine thy selfe to silence, lest thou take
That part of reason from me is only left
To giue perswasion to me, I am a man:
Or say thou hast neuer seene the riuers haste
With glad-some speede to meete the amorous sea?

Ordella. We are but to praise the coolenes of their streames.

Thier. Nor viewde the kids taught by their lustfull fires,
Pursue each other through the wanton lawnes,
And likt the sport.

Ordella. As it made way vnto their enuied rest,
With weary knots binding their harmeles eyes.

Thier. Nor do you know the reason why the doue,
One of the paire your hands wont hourely feede,
So often clipt and kist her happy mate.
Ordella. Vnlesse it were to welcome his wisht sight,
Whose absence only gaue her mourning voyce.
Thierry. And you could doue like to a single obiect
Bind your loose spirits to one, nay such a one
Whom only eyes and eares must flatter good,
Your surer sence made vseless, my selfe, nay
As in my all of good already knowne.
Ordella. Let proofe plead for me, let me be mewde vp
Where neuer eye may reach me but your owne;
And when I shall repent, but in my lookes, if sigh,
Thier. Or shed a teare that's warme.
Ordella. But in your sadnesse.
Thier. Or when you heare the birds call for their mates,
Aske if it be St. *Valentine*, their coopling day.
Ordella. If any thing may make a though suspected,
Of knowing any happines but you,
Diuorse me by the title of most falshood. (friend?
Thier. Oh who would know a wife, that might haue such a
Posterity henceforth lose the name of blessing,
And leaue the earth inhabited to people heauen.

Enter Theodoret, Brunhalt, Martell, Protaldye.

Mart. All happines to *Thierry*, and *Ordella*.
Thier. 'Tis a desire but borrowde from me, my happines
Shall be the period of all good mens wishes,
Which friends, nay dying fathers shall bequeath,
And in my one giue alk is there a duty
Belongs to any power of mine, or loue
To any vertue I haue right to? here, place it here,
Ordellas name shall only beare command,
Rule, title, souerainty.
Brun. What passion swaies my son?
Thier. O mother, she has doubled euery good
The trauaile of your blood made possible
To my glad being.

Prot. He should haue done
Little to her, he is so light harted.
Thier. Brother, friends, if honor vnto shame,
If wealth to want inlarge the present sence,
My ioyes are vnbounded, insteed of question
Let it be enuy, not bring a present
To the high offering of our mirth, banquets, and maskes;
Keepe waking our delights, mocking nights malice,
Whose darke brow would fright pleasure from vs,
Our court be but one stage of Reuells, and each eye
The sceane where our content moues.
Theod. There shall want
Nothing to expresse our shares in your delight Sir.
Mart. Till now I n'ere repented the estate
Of widdower. (presence
Thier. Musique, why art thou so slow voycte? it staies thy
My *Ordella*, this chamber is a spheare
Too narrow for thy al-mouing vertue.
Make way, free way I say;
Who must alone, her sexes want supply,
Had need to haue a roome both large and high.
Mart. This passion's aboue vtterance.
Theod. Nay credulity. *Exit all but Thierry.*
Brun. Why son what meane you, are you a man? *Brunhalt.*
Thier. No mother I am no man, were I a man,
How could I be thus happy?
Brun. How can a wife be author of this ioy then?
Thier. That being no man, I am married to no woman;
The best of men in full ability,
Can only hope to satisfie a wife,
And for that hope ridiculous, I in my want
And such defectiue pouerty, that to her bed
From my first cradell brought no strength but thought,
Haue met a temperance beyond hers that rockt me,
Necessity being her bar; where this
Is so much senceless of my depriu'd fire,
She knowes it not a losse by her desire.

Brun. It is beyond my admiration.

Thier. Beyond your sexes faith,
The vnripe virgins of our age to heare't
Will dreame themselues to women, and conuert
The example to a miracle.

Brun. Alas 'tis your defect moues my amazement,
But what ill can be separate from ambition?
Cruell *Theodoret.*

Thierry. What of my brother?

Brun. That to his name your barrennesse adds rule;
Who louing the effect, would not be strange
In fauoring the cause; looke on the profit,
And gaine will quickly point the mischiefe out.

Thier. The name of father to what I possesse
Is shame and care.

Brun. Were we begot to single happinesse,
I grant you; but from such a wife, such virtue
To get an heire, what Hermit would not find
Deseruing argument to breake his vow
Euen in his age of chastity?

Thier. You teach a deafe man language.

Brun. The cause found out, the malady may cease,
Haue you heard of one *Forts?*

Thierry. A learnde Astronomer, great Magician,
Who liues hard-by retirde.

Brun. Repaire to him, with the iust houre and place
Of your nativity; fooles are amaz'd at fate,
Griefes but conceal'de are neuer desperate.

Thier. You haue timely wakende me, nor shall I sleepe
Without the satisfaction of his art. *Exit Thierry.*

Enter Lecure.

Brun. Wisedome prepares you to't, *Lecure*, met happily.

Lecure. The ground answeres your purpose, the conueiance
Being secure and easie, falling iust
Behind the state set for *Theodoret.*

Brun. 'Tis well, your trust inuites you to a second charge,
You know *Lesortes* cell.

Lecure. Who constellated your faire birth.

Brun. Enough, I see thou knowst him, where's *Bawdber?*

Lecure. I left him carefull of the proiect cast,
To raise *Protaldies* credit.

Brun. A sore that must be plasterde, in whose wound
Others shall find their graues, thinke themselues sound,
Your eare, and quickest apprehension. *Exeunt.*

Enter Bawdber, and a seruant.

Bawdb. This man of war will aduance.

Lecure. His houres vpon the stroake.

Bawdb. Wind him backe as you fauor my eares,
I loue no noyse in my head, my braines haue hitherto
Bin imployde in silent businesses.

Enter Dewitry.

Lecure. The gentleman is within your reach Sir. *Exit.*

Bawdb. Giue ground whilst I drill my wits to the encounter,
Dewitry, I take ir. *Dewitry.* All that's left of him.

Bawdb. Is there another parcell of you, if it be at pawne
I will gladly redeeme it to make you wholy mine.

Vitry. You seeke too hard a penyworth. (long knowne

Bawdb. You to ill to keepe such distance, your parts haue bin
To me, howsoeuer you please to forget acquaintance.

Vitry. I must confesse I haue bin subiect to sewd company.

Bawdb. Thankes for your good remembrance,
You haue bin a souldier *Dewitry*, and borne armes.

Vitry. A couple of vnprofitable ones, that haue only
seru'd to get me a stomacke to my dinner.

Bawdb. Much good may it do you Sir.

Vitry. You should haue heard me say I had din'd first, I haue
built on an vnwholesome ground, rais'd vp a house before I
knew a Tenant, matcht to meete wearines, fought to find want
and hunger.

Bawdb. It is time you put vp your sword, and run a way for meate
sir, nay if I had not withdrawne ere now, I might haue kept the;
fast with you: but since the way to thriue is neuer late, what is
the neerest course to profit thinke you?

Vitry. It may be your worship will say bawdry.

Bawdb. True sence, bawdry.

Vitry. Why is their fiue kinds of em, I neuer knew but one.

Bawdb. Ile shew you a new way of prostitution, fall backe, further yet, further, there is fifty crownes, do but as much to *Protaldye* the Queenes fauoret, they are doubled.

Vitry. But thus much.

Bawdb. Giue him but an affront as he comes to the presence, and in his drawing make way like a true bawde to his valour, the son's thy owne; if you take a scratch in the arme or so, euery drop of blood weighes dowre a ducket.

Vitry. After that rate, I and my friends would begger the kingdome: Sir you haue made me blush to see my want, whose cure is such a cheape and easie purchase, this is male bawdery belike:

Enter Protaldy, a Lady, and Reuellers.

Bawdb. See, you shall not belong earning your wages, your worke's before your eyes.

Vitry. Leaue it to my handling, ile fall vpon't instantly:

Bawdb. What opinion will the managing of this affaire
Bring to my wisedome? my inuention tickles
With apprehension on't:

Pro: These are the ioyes of marriage Lady,
Whose sights are able to dissolue virginity.
Speake freely, do you not enuy the brides felicity?

Lady. How should I, being partner of't?

Protal. What you enioy is but the banquets view,
The taste stands from your pallat; if he impart
By day so much of his content, thinke what nights gaue?

Vitry. Will you haue a relish of wit Lady?

Bawdb. This is the man.

Lady. If it be not deare Sir.

Vitry. If you affect cheapenes, how can you prize this sullied ware so much? mine is fresh, my owne, not retailde.

Prot. You are sawcy sirra.

Vitry. The fitter to be in the dish with such dry stockfish as you
Are, how strike?

Bawdb. Remember the condition as you looke for payment.

Vitry. That boxe was left out of the bargaine.

Prot:

Prot. Helpe, helpe, helpe.

Bawdb. Plague of the ſeruiners running hand,
What a blow is this to my reputation?

Enter Thierry, Theodoret, Brunhalt, Ordella, Memberge, Martell.

Thier. What villaine dares this outrage?

Denitry. Heere mee Sir, this creature hir'de mee with fifty crownes in hand, to let *Protaldye* haue the better of mee at ſingle rapier on a made quarrell; he miſtaking the weapon, layes mee ouer the chops with his clubfiſt, for which I was bold to teach him the art of memory.

Omnes. Ha, ha, ha, ha.

Theod. Your Generall, mother, will diſplay himſelfe
Spight of our peace I ſee.

Thier. Forbeare theſe ciuill iarres, fie *Protaldye*,
So open in your proiects, auoyde our preſence ſirra.

Denit. Willingly, if you haue any more wages to earne,
You ſee I can take paines. (ha, ha, ha:

Theod. There's ſomewhat for thy labor, more then was promiſ'd,

Bawdb. Where could I wiſh my ſelfe now? in the Ile of dogs,
So I might ſcape ſcratching, for I ſee by her cats eyes
I ſhall be claw'd fearefully.

Thier. Weele heare no more on't, muſique drowne al ſadnes; *ſoft*
Command the Reuelers in, at what a rate I do purchaſe *muſique*
My mothers abſence, to giue my ſpleene full liberty.

Brun. Speake not a thoughts delay, it names thy ruine.

Prot. I had thought my life had borne more valew with you.

Brun. Thy loſſe carries mine with't, let that ſecure thee,
The vault is ready, and the dore conuyes too't,
Falls iuſt behind his chaire, the blow once giuen,
Thou art vnſeene.

Prot. I cannot feele more then I feare, ime ſure. *withdraws:*

Brun. Be gone, and let them laugh their owne deſtruction.

Thier. You will adde vnto her rage.

Theod. Foote I ſhall burſt vnleſſe I vent my ſelfe, ha, ha, ha.

Brun. Me Sir, you neuer could
Haue found a time to inuite more willingneſſe,
In my diſpoſe to pleaſure.

Memb.

Memb. Would you would please to make some other choice.
Reuel. 'Tis a disgrace would dwell vpon me Lady,
Should you refuse.
Memb. Your reason conquers; my grandmothers lookes
Haue turn'd all ayre to earth in me, they sit
Vpon my heart like night charmes, black and heauy.
The Dance.
Thier. You are too much libertine.
Theod. The fortune of the foole perswades my laughter
More then his cowardice; was euer ratte
Tane by the taile thus? ha, ha, ha.
Thier. Forbeare I say. (strike.
Prot. No eie lookes this way, I will wink and *Behind the stage*
Lest I betray my selfe. *Stabs Theodoret.*
Theod. Ha, did you not see one neere me?
Thier. How neere you, why do you looke so pale brother?
Treason, treason.
Memb. Oh my presage! Father.
Ordella. Brother.
Mart. Prince, noble Prince.
Thier. Make the gates sure, search into euery angle
And corner of the court; oh my shame! mother,
Your son is slaine, *Theodoret*, noble *Theodoret*,
Here in my armes, too weake a sanctuary
'Gainst treachery and murther, say is the traytor taken.
1 *Guard.* No man has past the chamber on my life Sir.
Thier. Set present fire vnto the place, that all vnseene
May perish in this mischiefe, who moues slow to't,
Shall adde vnto the flame.
Brun. What meane you? giue me your priuate hearing.
Thierry. Perswasion is a partner in the crime,
I will renounce my claime vnto a mother,
If you make offer on't.
Brun. Ere a torch can take flame, I will produce
The author of the fact.
Thier. Withdraw but for your lights. *Exeunt*
Memb. Oh my too true suspition? *Martell, Memberg.*

Thier.

Thier. Speake, where's the engin to this horrid act?
Brun. Here, you'll do behold her, vpon whom make good
Your causles rage; the deed was done by my incitement,
Not yet repented.
Thier. Whither did nature start, when you conceiude
A birth so vnlike woman? say, what part
Did not consent to make a son of him,
Reseru'd it selfe within you to his ruine.
Brun. Ha, ha, a son of mine! do not dissemble
Thy fathers dust, shaking his quiet vrne,
To which thy breath would send so foule an issue,
My son, thy brother?
Thier. Was not *Theodoret* my brother, or is thy tongue
Confederate with thy hart, to speake and do
Only things monstrous?
Brun. Heare me, and thou shalt make thine owne beleefe,
Thy still with sorrow mentionde, father liude
Three carefull yeares in hope of wished heires,
When I conceiude, being from his iealious feare
Enioynde to quiet home, one fatall day:
Transported with my pleasure to the chase,
I forc't command, and in pursuite of game
Fell from my horse, lost both my child and hopes.
Despaire which only in his loue saw life
Worthy of being, from a gardners armes
Snatcht this vnlucky brat, and call'd it mine,
When the next yeare repaide my losse with thee:
But in thy wrongs preseru'd my misery,
Which that I might diminish though not end,
My sighes and wet eyes, from thy fathers will,
Bequeathe this largest part of his dominions
Of *France* vnto thee, and only left
Austracia vnto that changeling, whose life affoords
Too much of ill 'gainst me to proue my words
And call him stranger.
Thier. Come, do not weepe, I must, nay, do beleeue you,
And in my fathers satisfaction count it

Merit, not wrong, or losse.

Brun. You do but flatter, there's anger yet flames
In your eyes.

Thier. See, I will quench it, and confesse that you
Haue suffer'd double trauaile for me.

Brun. You will not fire the house then?

Thier. Rather reward the author, who gaue cause
Of knowing such a secret, my oath and duty
Shall be assurance on't.

Brun. *Protaldye*, rise good faithfull seruant, heauen knowes
How hardly he was drawne to this attempt.

Enter Protaldye.

Thier. *Protaldye*? he had a gardners fate i'le sweare.
Fell by thy hand, Sir, we do owe vnto you for this seruice.

Brun. Why lookest thou so dejected?

Enter Martell.

Pro: I want a little shift Lady, nothing else.

Mart. The fires are ready, please it your grace withdraw,
Whilst we performe your pleasure.

Thier. Reserue them for the body; since he had the fate
To liue and die a Prince, he shall not lose
The title in his funerall. *Exit*

Mart. His fate to liue a Prince,
Thou old impiety, made vp by lust and mischiefe, *Exeunt*
Take vp the body: *with the body of Theed.*

Enter Lecure, and a seruant.

Lecure. Doest thinke *Lefortes* sure enough?

Serua. As bonds can make him, I haue turn'd his eyes to the east; and left him gaping after the morning starre, his head is a meere Astrolobe, his eyes stand for the poles, the gag in his mouth being the coachman, his fiue teeth haue the neerest resemblance to *Charles Waine*.

Lecure. Thou hast cast a figure which shall raise thee, direct my haire a little; and in my likenes to him reade a fortune suiting thy largest hopes.

Serua. You are so far 'boue likenesse you are the same,
If you loue mirth, perswade him from himselfe,

'Tis but an Astronomer out of the way,
And lying will beare the better place for't.
Lecure. I haue profitabler vse in hand, haste to the Queene,
And tell her how you left me chang'd. *Exit seruant.*
Who would not serue this vertuous actiue Queene?
She that loues mischiefe 'boue the man that does it,
And him aboue her pleasure, yet knowes no heauen else?

Enter Thierry.

Thier. How well this loanes suits the art I seeke,
Discoueting secret and succeeding fate,
Knowledge that puts all lower happines on,
With a remisse and careelesse hand,
Faire peace vnto your meditations father.
Lecure. The same to you, you bring Sir.
Thier. Drawne by your much fam'd skill, I come to know
Whether the man who owes this character,
Shall ere haue issue.
Lecure. A resolution falling with most ease
Of any doubt you could haue named, he is a Prince
Whose fortune you enquire.
Thier. He is nobly borne.
Lecure. He had a dukedome lately falne vnto him
By one call'd brother, who has left a daughter.
Thier. The question is of heires, not lands.
Lecure. Heires, yes he shall haue heires.
Thier. Begotten of his body, why look'st thou pale?
Thou canst not suffer in his want.
Lecure. Nor thou, I neither can nor will
Giue farther knowledge to thee.
Thier. Thou must, I am the man my selfe,
Thy soueraigne, who must owe vnto thy wisedome
In the concealing of my barren shame.
Lecure. Your grace doth wrong your stars; if this be yours,
You may haue children.
Thier. Speake it againe.
Lecure. You may haue fruitefull issue.
Thier. By whom? when? how?

Lecure. It was the fatall meanes firſt ſtrooke my bloud
With the cold hand of wonder, when I read it,
Printed vpon your birth.
Thier. Can there be any way vnſmooth, has end
So faire and good?
Lecure. We that behold the ſirt aſpects of heauen,
Leading ſence b'inded, men feele griefe enough
To know, though not to ſpeake their miſeries.
Thier. Sorrow muſt loſe a name, where mine finds life,
If not in thee, at leaſt eaſe paine with ſpeede,
Which muſt know no cure elſe.
Lecure. Then thus,
The firſt of femalls which your eye ſhall meete
Before the ſun next riſe, comming from out
The Temple of *Diana*, being ſlaine, you liue
Father of many ſonnes.
Thier. Callſt thou this ſadnes, can I beget a ſon
Deſeruing leſſe then to giue recompence
Vnto ſo poore a loſſe? what eare thou art,
Reſt peaceable bleſt creature, borne to be
Mother of Princes, whoſe graue ſhall be more fruiteful
Then others marriage beds: me thinkes his arc
Should giue her forme and happy figure to me,
I long to ſee my happines; he is gone,
As I remember he named my brothers daughter,
Were it my mother, twere a gainfull death
Could giue *Ordellas* virtue liuing breath.

Exeunt.

Act. 4. Scæ. 1.

Enter Thierry, and Martell.

Mart. Your grace is early ſtirring.
Thier. How can he ſleepe,
Whoſe happineſſe is lay'd vp in an houre.
Hee knowes comes ſtealing toward him, o *Martell*!

I'ſt poſſible the longing bride, whoſe wiſhes
Outrunnes her feares, can on that day ſhe is married
Conſume in ſlumbers, or his armes ruſt in eaſe,
That heares the charge, and ſees the honor'd purchaſe
Ready to gild his valor? Mine is more
A power aboue theſe paſſions; this day *France*,
France that in want of iſſue withers with vs;
And like an aged riuer runnes his head
Into forgotten wayes, againe I ranſome,
And his faire courſe turne right: this day, *Thierry*,
The ſon of *France*, whoſe manly powers like priſoners
Haue bin tyed vp, and fetter'd, by one death
Giue life to thouſand ages; this day beauty
The enuy of the world, pleaſure the glory,
Content aboue the world, deſire beyoud it
Are made mine owne and vſefull.

Mart. Happy woman
That dies to do theſe things.

Thier. But ten times happier
That liues to do the greater; o *Martell*,
The gods haue hard me now, and thoſe that ſcorn'd me
Mothers of many children, and bleſt fathers
That ſee their iſſues like the ſtars vnnumber'd,
Their comfort more then them, ſhall in my prayſes
Now teach their infants ſongs; and tell their ages
From ſuch a ſon of mine, or ſuch a queene,
That chaſt *Ordella* brings me bleſſed marriage,
The chaine that linkes two holy loues together,
And in thee marriage, more then bleſt *Ordella*,
That comes ſo ne're the ſacrament it ſelfe,
The Preiſts doubt whether purer.

Mart. Sir, year'loſt.

Thierry. I prithee let me be ſo.

Mart. The day weares;
And thoſe that haue bin offering earely prayers,
Are now retiring homeward.

Thier. Stand and marke them.

Mart. Is he the first must suffer.
Thier. The first woman.
Mart. What hand shall do it Sir?
Thier. This hand *Martell*,
For who lesse dare presume to giue the gods
An incense of this offering?
Mart. Would I were she,
For such a way to die, and such a blessing
Can neuer crowne my parting.

Enter 2 men passing ouer.

Thierry. What are those?
Mart. Men, men Sir, men.
Thier. The plagues of men light on vm,
They crosse my hopes like hares, who's that?

Enter a Priest.

Mart. a Priest Sir.
Thierry. Would he were gelt:
Mart. May not these rascalls serue Sir,
Well hang'd and quarter'd?
Thierry. No.
Mart. Here comes a woman:

Enter Ordella, vail'd.

Thier. Stand and behold her then.
Mart. I thinke a faire one.
Thier. Moue not whilst I prepare her: may her peace
Like his whose innocence the gods are pleas'd with,
And offering at their altars, giues his soule
Far purer then those fires; pull heauen vpon her,
You holy powers, no humane spot dwell in her,
No loue of any thing but you and goodnes,
Tie her to earth, feare be a stranger to her,
And all weake bloods affections, but thy hope
Let her bequeath to women: heare me heauen,
Giue her a spirrit masculine, and noble,
Fit for your selfes to aske, and mee to offer,
O let her meete my blow, doate on her death:
And as a wanton vine bowes to the pruner,

That

That by his cutting off more may encreaſe,
So let her fall to raiſe me fruite; haile woman,
The happieſt, and the beſt (if thy dull wit
Do not abuſe thy fortune) *France* ere found yet.
Ordella. She is more then dull Sir, leſſe and worſe then woman,
That may inherit ſuch an infinite
As you propound, a greatneſſe ſo neare goodneſſe,
And brings a will to rob her.
Thier. Tell me this then,
Was there ere woman yet, or may be found,
That for faire fame, vnſpotted memoty,
For vertues ſake, and only for it ſelfe ſake
Has, or dare make a ſtory?
Ordella. Many dead Sir,
Liuing I thinke as many:
Thier. Say, the kingdome
May from a womans will receiue a bleſſing,
The king and kingdome, not a priuate ſafety.
A generall bleſſing Lady.
Ordella. A generall curſe
Light on her hart denies it.
Thier. Full of honor,
And ſuch examples as the former ages
Were but dim ſhadowes of, and empty figures:
Ordella. You ſtrangely ſtir me Sir, and were my weaknes
In any other fleſh but modeſt womans,
You ſhould not aske more queſtions, may I do it?
Thier. You may, and which is more, you muſt.
Ordella. I ioy in't,
Aboue a moderate gladneſſe, Sir, you promiſe
It ſhall be honeſt.
Thier. As euer time diſcouer'd.
Ordella. Let it be what it may then, what it dare,
I haue a mind will hazarde it.
Thier. But harke yee,
What may that woman merit, makes this bleſſing?
Ordella. Only her duty Sir.

Thier. 'Tis terrible.
Ordella. 'Tis so much the more noble.
Thier. 'Tis full of fearefull shaddowes.
Ordella. So is sleepe Sir,
Or any thing that's meerely ours and mortall,
We were begotten gods else; but those feares
Feeling but once the fires of nobler thoughts,
Fly like the shapes of clouds we forme to nothing.
Thier. Suppose it death.
Ordella. I do.
Thier. And endlesse parting
With all we can call ours, with all our sweetenes,
With youth, strength, pleasure, people, time, nay reason:
For in the silent graue, no conuersation,
No ioyfull tread of friends, no voyce of louers,
No careful fathers counsell, nothing's hard,
Nor nothing is, but all obliuion,
Dust, and an endlesse darkenesse; and dare you woman
Desire this place?
Ordella. 'Tis of all sleepes the sweetest,
Children begin it to vs, strong men seeke it,
And kings from heigth of all their painted glories
Fall, like spent exhalations, to this center;
And those are fooles that feare it, or imagine
A few vnhandsome pleasures, or lifes profits
Can recompence this place; and mad that staies it,
Till age blow out their lights, or rotten humors,
Bring vm desperst'd to the earth.
Thierry. Then you can suffer.
Ordella. As willingly as say it.
Thier. *Martell*, a wonder,
Here is a woman that dares die, yet tel me,
Are you a wife?
Ordella. I am Sir.
Thierry. And haue children,---
She sighes, and weepes.
Ordella. O none Sir.

Thierry.

Thier. Dare you venter,
For a poore barren praiſe you ne're ſhall heare,
To part with theſe ſweete hopes?
Ordella. With all but heauen;
And yet die ful of children; he that reades me
When I am aſhes, is my ſon in wiſhes,
And thoſe chaſt dames that keepe my memory,
Singing my yearely requiems, are my daughters.
Thier. Then there is nothing wanting but my knowledge;
And what I muſt do Lady.
Ordella. You are the king Sir,
And what you do i'le ſuffer, and that bleſſing
That you deſire the gods ſhowre on the kingdome.
Thier. Thus much before I ſtrike then, for I muſt kill you,
The gods haue will'd it ſo; they't made the bleſſing
Muſt make *France* young agen, and me a man,
Keepe vp your ſtrength ſtill nobly.
Ordella. Feare me not.
Thier. And meete death like a meaſure:
Ordella. I am ſtedfaſt.
Thier. Thou ſhalt be ſainted woman, and thy tombe
Cut out in Criſtall, pure and good as thou art;
And on it ſhall be grauen euery age,
Succeeding peeres of *France* that riſe by thy fall,
Tell thou lieſt there like old and fruitefull nature.
Dareſt thou behold thy happineſſe?
Ordella. I Dare Sir.
Thier. Ha? *Pulls off her vaile, lets fall his ſword.*
Mart. O Sir, you muſt not do it.
Thier. No, I dare not,
There is an Angell keepes that paradice,
A fiery angell friend; o vertue, vertue,
Euer and endleſſe vertue.
Ordella. Strike Sir, ſtrike;
And if in my poore death faire *France* may merit,
Giue me a thouſand blowes, be killing me
A thouſand dayes.

Thier. First let the earth be barren,
And man no more remembred; rise *Ordella*,
The neareſt to thy maker, and the pureſt
That euer dull fleſh ſhewed vs,------ o my hart-ſtrings. *Exit.*
Mart. I ſee you full of wonder, therefore nobleſt
And trueſt amongſt women, I will tell you
The end of this ſtrange accident.
Ordella. Amazement
Has ſo much woue vpon my hart, that truely
I feele my ſelfe vnfit to heare, o Sir,
My Lord has ſlighted me.
Mart. O no ſweete Lady.
Ordella. Robd me of ſuch a glory by his pitty
And moſt vnprouident reſpect.
Mart. Deare Lady,
It was not meant to you.
Ordella. Elſe where the day is,
And houres diſtinguiſh time, time runnes to ages,
And ages end the world, I had bin ſpoken.
Deui. I'le tell you what it was, if but your patience
Will giue me hearing.
Ordella. If I haue tranſgreſt,
Forgiue me Sir.
Mart. Your noble Lord was counſell'd,
Grieuing the barrenneſſe betweene you both,
And all the kingdome with him, to ſeeke out
A man that knew the ſecrets of the gods,
He went, found ſuch a one, and had this anſwere,
That if he woo'd haue iſſue, on this morning
For this houre was prefixt him, he ſhould kill
The firſt he met being female, from the Temple;
And then he ſhould haue children, the miſtake
Is now to perfect Lady.
Ordella. Still 'tis I Sir,
For may this worke be done by common women,
Durſt any but my ſelfe that knew the bleſſing,
And felt the benefit, aſſume this dying,

In any other, t'ad bin loſt, and nothing,
A curſe, and not a bleſſing; I was figur'd;
And ſhall a little fondneſſe barre my purchaſe?
Mart. Where ſhould he then ſeeke children?
Ordella. Where they are
In wombes ordainde for iſſues, in thoſe beauties
That bleſſe a marriage bed, and makes it proceede
With kiſſes that conceiue, and fruitefull pleaſures;
Mine like a graue, buries thoſe loyall hopes,
And to a graue it couets.
Mart. You are too good,
Too excellent, too honeſt; robbe not vs
And thoſe that ſhall hereafter ſeeke example,
Of ſuch ineſtimable worthies in woman,
Your Lord of ſuch obedience, all of honor
In coueting a cruelty is not yours,
A will ſhort of your wiſedome; make not error
A tombeſtone of your vertues, whoſe faire life
Deſerues a conſtellation: your Lord dare not,
He cannot, ought not, muſt not run this hazard,
He makes a ſeparation nature ſhakes at,
The gods deny, and euerlaſting iuſtice
Shrinkes backe and ſheathes her ſword at.
Ordella. All's but talke Sir,
I find to what I am reſeru'd, and needefull,
And though my Lords compaſſion makes me poore
And leaues me in my beſt vſe, yet a ſtrength
Aboue mine owne, or his dull fondneſſe finds mee,
The gods haue giuen it to me. *drawes a knife.*
Mart. Selfe deſtruction,
Now all good angells bleſſe thee, o ſweete Lady
You are abuſ'd, this is a way to ſhame you,
And with you al that knowes you, al that loues you,
To ruine all you build, would you be famous,
Is that your end?
Ordella. I would be what I ſhould be.
Mart. Liue, and confirme the gods then, liue and be loaden

With more then oliues beare, or fruitefull Autum;
This way you kill your merit, kill your cauſe,
And him you would raiſe life to; where, or how
Got you theſe bloody thonghts? what diuell durſt
Looke on that Angell face, and tempt? do you know
What 'tis to die thus, how you ſtrike the ſtars,
And all good things aboue? do you feele
What followes a ſelfe blood, whither you venter,
And to what puniſhment? excellent Lady,
Be not thus cozen'd, do not foole your ſelfe,
The prieſt was neuer his owne ſacrifice,
But he that thought his hell here.

Ordella. I am counſell'd.

Mart. And I am glad on't, lie I know you dare not;

Ordella. I neuer haue done yet.

Mart. Pray take my comfort,
Was this a ſoule to loſe? two more ſuch women
Would ſaue their ſex; ſee, ſhe repents and prayes,
O heare her, heare her, if there be a faith
Able to reach your mercies, ſhe hath ſent it.

Ordella. Now good *Martell* confirme me.

Mart. I will Lady,
And euery houre aduiſe you, for I doubt
Whether this plot be heauens, or hells; your mother
And I will find it, if it be in mankind
To ſearch the center of it: in the meane time
I'le giue you out for dead, and by your ſelfe,
And ſhew the inſtrument, ſo ſhall I find
A ioy that will betray her.

Ordella. Do what's fitteſt;
And I will follow you.

Mart. Then euer liue
Both able to ingroſſe all loue, and giue. *Exeunt.*

Enter Brunhalt, Protaldye.

Brun. I am in labour
To be deliuerde of that burthenous proiect
I haue ſo long gone with; ha? here's the mid-wife,

Or life, or death:

Enter Lecure.

Lecure. If in the ſuppoſition
Of her death in whoſe life you die, you aske me,
I thinke you are ſafe.
Brun. Is ſhe dead?
Lecure. I haue vſde
All meanes to make her ſo, I ſaw him waiting
At the Temple doore, and vſde ſuch art within,
That only ſhe of all her ſexe, was firſt
Giuen vp vnto his fury.
Brun. Which if loue
Or feare made him forbeare to execute
The vengeance he determinde, his fond pitty,
Shall draw it on himſelfe: for were there left
Not any man but he to ſerue my pleaſures,
Or from me to receiue commands, which are
The ioyes for which I loue life; he ſhould be
Remoude, and I alone left to be Queene
O're any part of goodneſſe that's left in me.
Lecure. If you are ſo reſolude, I haue prouided
A meanes to ſhip him hence: looke vpon this,
But touch it ſparingly, for this onee vſde,
Say but to drie a teare, will keepe the eyelidde
From cloſing, vntill death performe that office.
Brun. Giue't me, I may haue vſe of't, and on you:
Ile make the firſt experiment: if one ſigh
Or heauy looke beget the leaſt ſuſpition,
Childiſh compaſſion can thaw the ice
Of your ſo long congealde and flinty hardneſſe.
Slight, go on conſtant, or I ſhall.
Prot. Beſt Lady,
We haue no faculties which are not yours.
Lecure. Nor will be any thing without you.
Brun. Be ſo,
And we will ſtand or fall together, for
Since we haue gone ſo far, that death muſt ſtay

The iourney which we wish should neuer end,
And innocent, or guilty we must die,
When we do so, let's know the reason why?

Enter Thierry, and Courtiers.

Lecure. The King.

Thier. We'le be alone.

Pret: I would I had
A conuoy too, to bring me safe off,
For rage although it be allaide with sorrow,
Appeares so dreadfull in him, that I shake
To looke vpon it.

Brun. Coward, I will meete it
And know from whence t'as b[illegible]h: sonne, kingly *Thierry*.

Thier. Is cheating growne so common among men,
And thriues so well heere, that the gods endeauour
To practice it aboue!

Brun. Your mother.

Thier. Ha! or are they only carefull to reuenge,
Not to reward? or when for your offences
We study satisfaction, must the cure
Be worse then the disease?

Brun. Will you not heare me?

Thier. To lose th'ability to performe those duties
For which I entertainde the name of husband,
Askde more then common sorrow; but t'impose
For the redresse of that defect, a torture
In marking her to death, for whom alone
I felt that weakenesse as a want, requires
More then the making the head bald? or falling
Thus flat vpon the earth, or cursing that way,
Or praying this, oh such a sceane of griefe,
And so set downe, (the world the stage to act on)
May challenge a Tragedian better practisde
Then I am to expresse it; for my cause
Of passion is so strong, and my performance
S[illegible] weake, that though the part be good, I feare
Th'ill acting of it, will defraude it of

The poore reward it may deserue, mens pitty.
Brun. I haue giuen you way thus long, a King, and what
Is more, my sonne, and yet a slaue to that
Which only triumphs ouer cowards sorrow
For shame looke vp.
Thier. I'st you, looke downe on me;
And if that you are capable to receiue it,
Let that returne to you, that haue brought forth
One markde out only for it: what are these?
Come they vpon your priueledge, to tread on
The tombe of my afflictions?
Pros. No not we Sir.
Thier. How dare you then omit the ceremony
Due to the funerall of all my hopes,
Or come vnto the marriage of my sorrowes,
But in such colours as may sort with them?
Prota. Alas, we will weare any thing.
Brun. This is madnesse,
Take but my counsell.
Thier. Yours? dare you againe
Though armde with the authority of a mother,
Attempt the danger, that will fall on you
If such another fillable awake it?
Go, and with yours be safe, I haue such cause
Of griefe, nay more, to loue it, that I will not
Haue such as these be sharers in it.
Lieure. Madam.
Prota. Another time were better.
Brun. Doe not stir,
For I must be resolude and will, be statues.

Enter Martell.

Thier. I, thou art welcome, and vpon my soule
Thou art an honest man; do you see, he has teares
To lend to him whom prodigall expence
Of sorrow has made banker out of such treasure,
Nay thou doest well.
Mart. I would it might excuse

The ill I bring along.
Thierry. Thou makeſt me ſmile
In the height of my calamities, as if
There could be the addition of an Atome
To the gyant body of my miſeries.
But try, for I will heare thee; all ſit downe, 'tis death
To any that ſhall dare to interrupt him
In looke, geſture, or word.
Mart. And ſuch attention
As is due to the laſt, and the beſt ſtory
That euer was deliuerde, will become you.
The grieude *Ordella*, (for all other titles
But take away from that) hauing from me
Prompted by your laſt parting grone, enquirde
What drew it from you, and the cauſe ſoone learn'd:
For ſhe whom barbariſme could deny nothing,
With ſuch preuailing earneſtneſſe deſirde it,
'Twas not in me though it had bin my death,
To hide it from her; ſhe I ſay, in whom
All was, that *Athens*, *Rome*, or warlike *Sparta*,
Haue regiſtred for good in their beſt women:
But nothing of their ill, knowing her ſelfe
Markde out; (I know not by what powre, but ſure
A cruell one) to die, to giue you children;
Hauing firſt with a ſetled countenance
Look'd vp to heauen, and then vpon her ſelfe
(It being the next beſt obiect) and then ſmilde,
As if her ioy in death to do you ſeruice,
Would breake forth in deſpite of the much ſorrow
She ſhowde ſhe had to leaue you: and then taking
Me by the hand, this hand which I muſt euer
Loue better then I haue done, ſince ſhe touch'd it,
Go, ſayd ſhe, to my Lord, (and to go to him
Is ſuch a happineſſe I muſt not hope for,)
And tell him that he too much prizde a trifle
Made only worthy in his loue, and her
Thankfull acceptance, for her ſake to robbe

The Orphan kingdome of such gardians, as
Must of necessity descend from him;
And therefore in some part of recompence
Of his much loue, and to shew to the world
That 'twas not her fault only, but her fate,
That did deny to let her be the mother
Of such most certaine blessings: yet for proofe,
She did not enuy her, that happy her,
That is appointed to them, her quicke end
Should make way for her; which no sooner spoke,
But in a moment this too ready engin
Made such a battery in the choicest castle
That euer nature made to defend life,
That straite it shooke, and sunke.

Thier. Stay, dares any
Presume to shed a teare before me? or
Ascribe that worth vnto themselues to merit
To do so for her? I haue done, now on.

Mart. Faine thus, once more she smilde, as if that death
For her had studied a new way to seuer
The soule and body, without sence of paine;
And then tell him quoth she what you haue seene,
And with what willingnesse 'twas done: for which
My last request vnto him is, that he
Would instantly make choice of one (most happy
In being so chosen) to supply my place,
By whom if heauen blesse him with a daughter,
In my remembrance let it beare my name,
Which sayd she dide.

Thier. I heare this, and yet liue,
Hart art thou thunder proofe, will nothing breake thee?
She's dead, and what her entertainement may be
In th'other world without me is vncertaine,
And dare I stay heere vnresolude?

Mart. Oh Sir!

Brun. Deare son:

Prota. Great King.

Thier. Vnhand me, am I falne
So low, that I haue loſt the powre to be
Diſpoſer of my owne life?
Mart. Be but pleaſde
To borrow ſo much time of ſorrow, as
To call to mind her laſt requeſt, for whom
(I muſt confeſſe a loſſe beyond expreſſion)
You turne your hand vpon your ſelfe, twas hers
And dying hers, that you ſhould liue and happy
In ſeeing little models of your ſelfe,
By matching with another, and will you
Leaue any thing that ſhe deſirde vngranted?
And ſuffer ſuch a life that was layd downe
For your ſake only to be fruiteleſſe?
Thier. Oh thou doeſt throw charmes vpon me, againſt which
I cannot ſtop my eares; beare witneſſe heauen
That not deſire of life, nor loue of pleaſures
Nor any future comforts, but to giue
Peace to her bleſſed ſpirit in ſatiſfying
Her laſt demand, makes me defer our meeting,
Which in my choice, and ſuddaine choice ſhall be
To all apparant.
Brun. How? do I remoue one miſchiefe
To draw vpon my head a greater?
Thier. Go, thou only good man, to whom for her ſelfe
Goodneſſe is deare, and prepare to interre it
In her that was; o my hart, my *Ovdella*,
A monument worthy to be the caſket
Of ſuch a iewell.
Mart. Your command that makes way
Vnto my abſence is a welcome one,
For but your ſelfe there's nothing here *Martell*
Can take delight to looke on; yet ſome comfort
Goes backe with me, to her, who though ſhe want it,
Deſerues all bleſſings. *Exit.*
Brun. So ſoone to forget
The loſſe of ſuch a wife, beleeue it will

Be cenſurde in the world.

Thier. Pray you no more,
There is no argument you can vſe to croſſe it,
But does increaſe in me ſuch a ſuſpition
I would not cheriſh,---who's that?

Enter Memberge.

Memb. One, no guarde
Can put backe from acceſſe, whoſe tongue no threats
Nor praiers can ſilence, a bould ſuitor and
For that which if you are your ſelfe, a King,
You were made ſo to grant it, Iuſtice, Iuſtice.

Thier. With what aſſurance dare you hope for that
Which is denide to me? or how can I
Stand bound to be iuſt, vnto ſuch as are
Beneath me, that find none from thoſe that are
Aboue me?

Memb. Their is iuſtice, 'twere vnfit
That any thing but vengeance ſhould fall on him,
That by his giuing way to more then murther,
(For my deare fathers death was patricide)
Makes it his owne.

Brun. I charge you heare her not:

Memb. Hell cannot ſtoppe iuſt prayers from entring heauen,
I muſt and will be heard, Sir; but remember
That he that by her plot fell, was your brother,
And the place where, your pallace, againſt all
Th'inuiolable rites of hoſpitality,
Your word, a kings word, giuen vp for his ſafety,
His innocence, his protection, and the gods
Bound to reuenge the impious breach of ſuch
So great and ſacred bonds; and can you wonder,
(That in not puniſhing ſuch a horrid murther,
You did it) that heauens fauour is gone from you?
Which neuer will returne vntill his bloud
Be waſhde away in hers.

Brun. Drag hence the wretch.

Thier. Forbeare: with what variety

Of torments do I meete? oh thou hast opende
A booke in which writ downe in bloudy letters,
My conscience finds that I am worthy of
More then I vndergo, but ile begin
For my *Ordellas* sake, and for thine owne,
To make lesse heauens great anger: thou hast lost
A father, I to thee am so; the hope
Of a good husband, in mee haue one, nor
Be fearefull I am still no man, already
That weakenesse is gone from me,
Brun. That it might
Haue euen growne inseparably vpon thee, *aside*
What will you do? is such a thing as this
Worthy the lou'd *Ordellas* place, the daughter
Of a poore gardiner?
Memb. Your sonne,
Thier. The powre
To take away that lownesse is in me.
Brun. Stay yet, for rather then that thou shalt adde
Incest vnto thy other sins, I will
With hazard of my owne life vtter all.
Theodoret was thy brother.
Thier. You denide it
Vpon your oth, nor will I now beleeue you,
Your Protean turnings cannot change my purpose.
Memb. And for me, be assurde the meanes to be
Reuenge on thee vile hag, admitts no thought,
But what tends to it.
Brun. Is it come to that?
Then haue at the last refuge; art thou growne
Insensible in ill, that thou goest on
Without the least compunction? there, take that
To witnesse that thou hadst a mother, which
Foresaw thy cause of griefe, and sad repentance,
That so soone after blest *Ordellas* death
Without a teare thou canst embrace another,
Forgetfull man.

Thier. Mine eyes when she is namde
Cannot forget their tribute, and your guift
Is not vnuseful now.
Lecure. He's past all cure, that only touch is death.
Thier. This night i'le keepe it,
To morrow I will send it you, and full of my affliction.
Brun. Is the poyson mortall? *Exit Thierry.*
Lecure. Aboue the helpe of phisicke.
Brun. To my wish.
Now for our owne security, you *Protaldye*
Shall this night post towards *Austrachia*,
With letters to *Theodorets* bastard sonne,
In which we will make knowne what for his rising
We haue done to *Thierry*: no deniall,
Nor no excuse in such acts must be thought of,
Which all dislike, and all againe commend,
When they are brought vnto a happy end. *Exeunt.*

Act. 5. Scæ. 1.

Enter Denisty, and 4 souldiers.

Denisty. No war, no mony, no master; banisht the Court, not trusted in the city, whipt out of the country, in what a triangle runnes our misery: let me heare which of your has the best voice to beg in, for other hopes or fortunes I see you haue not; bee not nice, nature prouided you with tones for the purpose, the peoples charity was your heritage, and I would see which of you deserues his birth-right.

Omnes. We vnderstand you not Captaine.

Denis. You see this cardicue, the last and the only quintessence of 50 crownes, distill'd in the lembicke of your gardage, of which happy piece thou shalt be treasorer: now hee that can soonest perswade him to part with't, enioyes it, possesses it, and with it, mee and my future countenance.

1. If they want art to perswade it, ile keepe it my selfe.

Denis. So you be not a partiall iudge in your owne cause, you shall. *Omnes.* A match.

2. I'le begin to you, braue Sir; bee proud to make him happy by your liberality, whose tongue vouchsafes now to petition was neuer heard before lesse then to command: I am a souldier by profession, a gentleman by birth, and an officer by place, whose pouerty blushes to be the cause that so high a vertue should descend to the pitty of your charity.

1. In any case keepe your high stile, it is not charity to shame any man, much lesse a vertue of your eminence, wherefore preserue your worth, and i'le preserue my mony.

3. You perswade, you are shallow, giue way to merit, ah by the bread of good man, thou hast a bonny countenance and a blith, promising mickle good to a sicker wombe, that has trod a long and a soare ground to meete with friends that wil owe much to thy reuerence, when they shall beare a thy courtesie to their wandring countriman.

1. You that will vse your friends so hardly to bring them in debt Sir, will deserue worse of a strainger, wherefore pead one, pead on I say.

4. It is the welch must doo't I see, comrade man of vrship, St. *Tany* bee her patron, the gods of the mountaines keepe her cow and her cupboord, may shee neuer want the greene of the leeke, nor the fat of the onion, if she part with her bounties to him that is a great deale away from her cozines, and has too big suites in law to recouer her heritage.

1. Pardon me Sir, I will haue nothing to do with your suites, it comes within the statute of maintenance: home to your cozns and sowe garlicke and hempeseede, the one will stop your hunger, the other end your suites, *gammawash comrade, gammawash.*

4. Foote he'le hoord all for himselfe.

Vitry. Yes, let him; now comes my turne. i'le see if hee can answere me: saue you Sir, they say you haue that I want, mony.

1. And that you are like to want, for ought I perceaue yet.

Vitry. Stand, deliuer.

1. Foote what meane you, you will not robbe the Exchecker?

Vitry. Do you prate?

1. Hold, hold, here captaine.

2. Why I could haue done this before you.

3. And I. 4. And I.

Vitry.

Vitry. You haue done this, braue man be proud to make him happy, by the bread of god man thou hast a bony countenance, comrade man of vrship, St. *Tany* be her patron, out vpon you, you vncurried colts, walking cans that haue no soules in you, but a little rosin, to keepe your ribs sweete, and hold in liquor.

Omnes. Why, what would you haue vs to do Captaine?

Denitry. Beg, beg, and keepe Constables waking, weare out stockes and whipcord, mander for butter milke, die of the iundize, yet haue the cure about you, lice, large lice, begot of your owne dust, and the heate of the bricke-kills; may you starue, and feare of the gallowes which is a gentle consumption too't, only preferre it; or may you fall vpon your feare, and bee hanged for selling those purses to keepe you from famine whose monies my valour empties, and bee cast without other euidence; here is my fort, my castle of defence, who comes by shall pay me tolle, the first purse is your mittimus slaues.

2. The purse, foote we'le share in the mony Captaine, if any come within a furlong of our fingers.

4: Did you doubt but wee could steale as well as your selfe, did not I speake welch?

3. We are theeues from our cradells, and will die so:

Vitry. Then you will not beg againe.

Omnes. Yes, as you did, stand, and deliuer.

2. Harke, here comes handsell, 'tis a trade quickly set vp, and as soone cast downe.

Denitry. Haue goodnesse in your minds varlets, and too't like men; he that has more mony then we, cannot be our friend, and I hope there is no law for spoyling the enemy.

3. You need not instruct vs farther, your example pleads enough.

Denitry. Disperse your selues, and as their company is, fall on.

2. Come, there are a band of em, i'le charge single. *Exit Souldiers.*

Enter Protaldye.

Prot. 'Tis wonderfull darke, I haue lost my man, and dare not call for him, lest I should haue more followers then I would pay wages too; what throws am I in, in this trauaile? these bee honorable aduentures; had I that honest blood in my veines againe

Queene

Queene, that your feates and these frights haue draind from mé, honor should pull hard ere it drew mee into these brakes.

Demitry. Who goes there?

Pro. Hey ho, here's a pang of preferment.

Demi. Hart, who goes there?

Prot. He that has no hart to your acquaintance, what shall I do with my iewells, and my letter, my cod-peece, that's to loose, good, my boots, who ist that spoke to me, here's a friend?

Demit. We shal find that presently, stand, as you loue safety stand.

Prot. That vnlucky word of standing, has brought mee to all this, hold or I shall neuer stand you.

Demitry. I should know that voice, deliuer.

Enter souldiers.

Prot. All that I haue is at your seruice gentlemen, and much good may it do you.

Demitry. Zones downe with him, do you prate?

Prot. Keepe your first word as you are gentlemen, and let me stand, alas what do you meane?

2. To tie you to vs Sir, bind you in the knot of friendship.

Prot. Alas Sir, all the physicke in *Europe* cannot bind me.

Demit. You shold haue iewels about you, stones, precious stones.

1. Captaine away, there's company within hearing, if you stay longer we are surpris'd.

Demitry. Let the diuell come, i'le pillage this frigot a little better yet.

2. Foote we are lost, they are vpon vs.

Demitry. Ha, vpon vs, make the least noyse, 'tis thy parting gaspe.

3. Which way shall she make Sir?

Demitry. Euery man his owne; do you heare, only bind mee before you go, and when the companie's past, make to this place againe, this karuell should haue better lading in him, you are slow, why do you not tie harder?

1. You are sure enough I warrant you Sir.

Demitry. Darknesse befriend you, away. *Exit souldiers.*

Prot. What Tyrants haue I met with, they leaue mee alone in the darke; yet would not haue me cry. I shall grow wondrous melancholy if I stay long here without company; I was wont to

get

get a nap with saying my prayers, Ile see if they will worke vpon me now; but then if I should talke in my sleepe, and they heare me, they would make a recorder of my windpipe, slit my throate: heauen be praisd, I heare some noyse, it may bee new purchase, and then I shall haue fellows.

Denis. They are gone past hearing, now to taske *Denis*, helpe, helpe, as you are men helpe, some charitable hand, releeue a poore distressed miserable wretch; theeues, wicked theeues haue rob'd me, bound me.

Prot. Foote would they had gag'd you too, your noyse will betray vs, and fetch em againe.

Denis. What blessed tongue spake to mee, where, where are you Sir?

Prot. A plague of your bawling throate, we are well enough, If you haue the grace to be thankefull for't, do but snore to mee, and 'tis as much as I desire, to passe away time with till morning, then talke as loude as you please Sir, I am bound not to stirre, wherefore lie still and snore I say.

Denis. Then you haue met with theeues too I see?

Prot. And desire to meete with no more of em.

Denis. Alas what can we suffer more? they are far enough by this time; haue they not all, all that we haue Sir?

Prot. No by my faith haue they not Sir, I gaue em one tricke to boote, for their learning, my bootes Sir, my bootes, I haue sau'd my stocke, and my iewells in them, and therefore desire to heare no more of them.

Denis. Now blessing on your wit Sir, what a dull slaue was I, dreampt not of your conueiance? helpe to vnbind me Sir, and i'le vndo you, my life for yours no worse theefe then my selfe meetes you againe this night.

Prot. Reach me thy hands.

Denis. Here Sir, here, I could beate my braines out, that could not thinke of bootes, bootes Sir, wide top bootes, I shall loue em the better whilst I liue, but are you sure your iewells are here Sir?

Prot. Sure saist thou? ha, ha, ha.

Denis. So ho, illo ho. *Within souldiers.* Here Captaine, here.

Prot. Foote what do you meane Sir?

Enter souldiers.

Denis. A tricke to boote, for you, heare

chase, purchase, the soule of the rocke, diamonds, sparkling diamonds.

Prot. I am betraide, lost, past recouery lost, as you are men.

Dewitry. Nay Rooke, since you will be prating, we'le share your carion with you, haue you any other conueiance now Sir?

1. Foote here are letters, epistles, familiar epistles, we'le see what treasure is in them, they are seal'd sure.

Pro. Gentlemen, as you are gentlemen spare my letters, and take all willingly, all: ile giue you a release, a generall release, and meete you here to morrow with as much more.

Dewit. Nay, since you haue your trickes, and your conueiances, we will not leaue a wrinckle of you vnsearcht.

Prot. Harke, there comes company, you will be betraide, as you loue your safeties beate out my braines, I shall betray you else.

Dewitry. Treason, vnheard of treason, monstrous, monstrous villanies.

Prot. I confesse my selfe a traytor, shew your selues good subiects, and hang me vp for't.

1. If it be treason, the discouery will get our pardon Captaine.

Dewitry. Would we were all lost, hang'd, quarter'd, to saue this one, one innocent prince; *Thierry*'s poyson'd, by his mother poyson'd, the Mistris to this stallion, who by that poyson ne're shall sleepe againe.

2. Foote let vs mince him by piecemeale, tell he eate himselfe vppe.

3. Let vs dig out his heart with needles, and halfe broile him, like a muscell.

Prot. Such another and I preuent you, my blood's setled already.

Dewitry. Here's that shall remoue it, toade, viper; drag him vnto *Martell*, vnnaturall parricide, cruell, bloody woman.

Omnes. On you dogfish, leech, caterpiller.

Dewit. A longer sight of him will make my rage turne pitty, and with his suddaine end preuent reuenge, and torture, wicked, wicked *Brunhalt*. *Exit.*

Enter Bawdber, and 3 Courtiers.

1. Not sleepe at all no meanes.

Bawdb. I will assure you he can sleepe no more
Then a hooded hawke, a centinell to him,
Or one of the citty Constables are tops.
3. How came he so?
Bawdb They are too wise that dare know
Somethings amisse, heauen helpe all. 1. What cures has he?
Bawdb. Armies of those we call phisitians, some with glisters,
Some with lettice caps, some posset drinkes, some pills,
Twenty consulting here about a drench,
As many here to blood him;
Then comes a Don of *Spaine*, and he prescribes
More cooling opium then would kill a turke,
Or quench a whore ith dogdayes; after him
A wise Italian, and he cries, tie vnto him
A woman of fourescore, whose bones are marble,
Whose bloud snow water, not so much heate about her
As may conceiue a prayer after him
An English Doctor, with a bunch of pot hearbes;
And he cries out Endiffe and suckery,
With a few mallow rootes and butter milke,
And talkes of oyle made of a churchmans charity,
Yet still he wakes.
1. But your good honor
Has a prayers in store if all should faile.
Bawdb. I could haue prayed, and handsomely,
But age and an ill memory:
3. Has spoyl'd your primmer.
Bawdb. Yet if there be a man of faith i'the Court,
And can pray for a pension.

Enter Thierry, on a bed, with Doctors and attendants.

2. Here's the King Sir,
And those that will pray without pay.
Bawdb. Then pray for me too.
1. *Doct.* How does your grace now feele your selfe?
Thier. What's that?
1. *Doct.* Nothing at all Sir, but your fancy:
Thier. Tell me,
Can euer these eyes more shut vp in slumbers,
Assure my soule

And rest for humane labors? do not you
And all the world as I do, out stare time,
And liue like funerall lampes neuer extinguisht?
Is there a graue, and do not flatter me,
Nor feare to tell me truth, and in that graue
Is there a hope I shall sleepe, can I die,
Are not my miseries immortall? o
The happinesse of him that drinkes his water
After his weary day, and sleepes for euer,
Why do you crucifie me thus with faces,
And gaping strangely vpon one another,
When shall I rest? 2. *Doct.* O Sir, be patient.

Thier. Am I not patient? haue I not endur'd
More then a maingy dog among your dosses?
Am I not now your patient? yee can make
Vnholesome fooles sleepe for a garded foote-cloth;
Whores for a hot sin offering; yet I must craue
That feede ye, and protect ye, and proclaime ye,
Because my powre is far aboue your searching.
Are my diseases so? can ye cure none
But those of equall ignorance, dare ye kill me?

1. *Doct.* We do beseech your grace be more reclaim'd,
This talke doth but distemper you.

Thier. Well, I will die
In spight of all your potions; one of you sleepe,
Lie downe and sleepe here, that I may behold
What blessed rest it is my eyes are robde of;
See, he can sleepe, sleepe any where, sleepe now,
When he that wakes for him can neuer slumber,
I'st not a dainty ease? 2. *Doct.* Your grace shall feele it.

Thier. O neuer I, neuer, the eyes of heauen
See but their certaine motions, and then sleepe,
The rages of the *Ocean* haue their slumbers,
And quiet siluer calmes; each violence
Crownes in his end a peace, but my fixt fires
Shall neuer, neuer set, who's that?

Enter Martell, Brumbalt, Demitry, Souldiers.

Mart. No woman,

Ere thou ſhalt ſleepe, doeſt thou ſee him?
Brun. Yes, and curſe him,
And all that loue him foole, and all liue by him.
Mart. Why art thou ſuch a monſter?
Brun. Why art thou
So tame a knaue to aske me?
Mart. Hope of hell,
By this faire holy light, and all his wrongs
Which are aboue thy yeares, almoſt thy vices,
Thou ſhalt not reſt, not feele more what is pitty,
Know nothing neceſſary, meete no ſociety,
But what ſhall curſe and crucifie thee, feele in thy ſelfe
Nothing but what thou art, bane, and bad conſcience,
Till this man reſt; but for whoſe reuerence
Becauſe thou art his mother, I would ſay
Whore, this ſhall be, do ye nod? ile waken ye
With my ſwords point.
Brun. I wiſh no more of heauen,
Nor hope no more, but a ſufficient anger
To torture thee.
Mart. See, ſhe that makes you ſee Sir,
And to your miſery ſtill ſee, your mother,
The mother of your woes Sir, of your waking,
The mother of your peoples cries, and curſes,
Your murdering mother, your malicious mother:
Thier. Phiſitians, halfe my ſtate to ſleepe an houre now;
Is it ſo mother?
Brun. Yes it is ſo ſonne;
And were it yet againe to do, it ſhould be.
Mart. She nods againe, ſwing her.
Thier. But mother,
For yet I loue that reuerence, and to death
Dare not forget you haue bin ſo; was this,
This endleſſe miſery, this cureleſſe malice,
This ſnatching from me all my youth together,
All that you made me for, and happy mothers
Crownde with eternall time are proud to finiſh,
Done by your will?
Brun. It was, and by that will.
Thier. O mother, do not loſe your name ſo

'Tis all the soule of woman, all the sweetenesse;
Forget not I beseech you what are children,
Nor how you are gron'd for vm, to what loue
They are borne inheritors, with what care kept,
And as they rise to ripenesse still remember
How they impe our your age; and when time calls you,
That as an Autum flower you fall, forget not
How round about your hearse they hang like penons.

Brun. Holy foole,
Whose patience to preuent my wrongs has kill'd thee,
Preach not to me of punishments, or feares,
Or what I ought to be, but what I am,
A woman in her liberall will defeated,
In all her greatnesse croft, in pleasure blasted,
My angers haue bin laught at, my ends slighted,
And all those glories that had crownd my fortunes,
Suffer'd by blasted vertue to be scatter'd,
I am the fruitefull mother of these angers,
And what such haue done, reade, and know thy ruine.

Thier. Heauen forgiue you.

Mart. She tells you true, for millions of her mischiefes
Are now apparent, *Protaldye*, we haue taken
An equall agent with her, to whose care
After the damnde defeate on you, she trusted

Enter Messenger.

The bringing in of *Leonor* the bastard
Sonne to your murder'd brother; her phisitian
By this time is attacht to that dam'd diuell.

Messen. 'Tis like he will be so, for ere we came,
Fearing an equall iustice for his mischiefes,
He drench't himselfe. *Brun.* Hee did like one of mine thine;

Thier. Must I still see these miseries, no night
To hide me from their horrors, that *Protaldye*
See iustice fall vpon. *Brun.* Now I could sleepe too.

Enter Ordella.

Mart. Ile giue you yet more poppy, bring the Lady
And heauen in her embraces; giue him quiet
Madam, vnuaile your selfe.
Ordella. I do forgiue you

And though you ſought my blood, yet ile pray for you,
Brun. Art thou aliue? *Mart.* Now could you ſleepe.
Brun. For euer.
Mart. Go carry her without winke of ſleepe, or quiet,
Where her ſtrong knaue *Protaldye's* broke oth wheele,
And let his cries and rores be muſicke to her,
I meane to waken her. *Thier.* Do her no wrong.
Mart. Nor right as you loue iuſtice.
Brun. I will thinke,
And if there be new curſes in old nature,
I haue a ſoule dare ſend vm.
Mart. Keepe her waking. *Exit Brunhalt.*
Thier. What's that appeares ſo ſweetely? there's that face.
Mart. Be moderate Lady.
Thier. That angells face. *Mart.* Go nearer:
Thier. *Martell*, I cannot laſt long, ſee the ſoule,
I ſee it perfectly of my *Ordella*,
The heauenly figure of her ſweetenes there,
Forgiue me gods, it comes, diuineſt ſubſtance,
Kneele, kneele, kneele euery one, Saint of thy ſexe,
If it be for my cruelty thou comeſt,
Do ye ſee her hoe?
Mart. Yes ſir, and you ſhall know her.
Thier. Downe, downe againe, to be reueng'd for blood,
Sweete ſpirit I am ready, ſhe ſmiles on me,
O bleſſed ſigne of peace. *Mart.* Go neerer Lady.
Ordella. I come to make you happy.
Thierry. Heare you that ſirs?
She comes to crowne my ſoule: away, get ſacrifice
Whilſt I with holy honors.
Mart: She's aliue Sir.
Thierry. In euerlaſting life I know it, friend,
O happy, happy ſoule.
Ordella. Alas I liue Sir
A mortall woman ſtill.
Thierry. Can ſpirits weepe too?
Mart. Sheis no ſpirit Sir, pray kiſſe her, Lady;
Be very gentle to him.
Thier. Stay, ſhe is warme.

Are you the same *Ordella* still?

Mart. The same Sir,
Whom heauens and my good angell staid from ruine.

Thier. Kisse me agen. *Ordel.* The same still, still your seruant.

Thier. 'Tis she, I know her now *Martell*; sit downe sweete,
O blest and happiest woman, a dead slumber
Begins to creepe vpon me, my ioyes well!

Enter Messenger and Memberge.

Ordella. O sleepe my Lord.

Thier. My ioyes are too much for me.

Messen. *Brunbalt* impatient of her constraint to see
Protalder strucke, has chokt her selfe.

Mart. No more, her sinnes go with her.

Thier. Loue I must die, I faint, close vp my glasses.

2. *Dest.* The Queene faints too, and deadly.

Thier. One dying kisse.

Ordella. My last Sir, and my dearest, and now
Close my eyes too.

Thier. Thou perfect woman,
Martell, the kingdome's yours, take *Memberge* to you.
And keepe my line aliue; nay weepe not Lady,
Take me, I go.

Ordella. Take me too, farewell honor. *dies here.*

2. *Dest.* They are gone for euer.

Mart. The peace of happy soules go after vm,
Beare vm vnto their last beds, whilst I study
A tombe to speake their loues; whilst old Time lasteth,
I am your King in sorrowes. *Omnes.* We your subiects.

Mart. *Denery*, for your seruice be neere vs,
Whip out these instruments of this mad mother
From Court, and all good people; and because
She was borne noble, let that title find her
A priuate graue, but neither tonge, nor honor:
And now leade on, they that shall read this story,
Shall find that vertue liues in good, not glory. *Exeunt Omn.*

FINIS.